MOVIE CLASSIC

OCTOBER

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Gwili Andre

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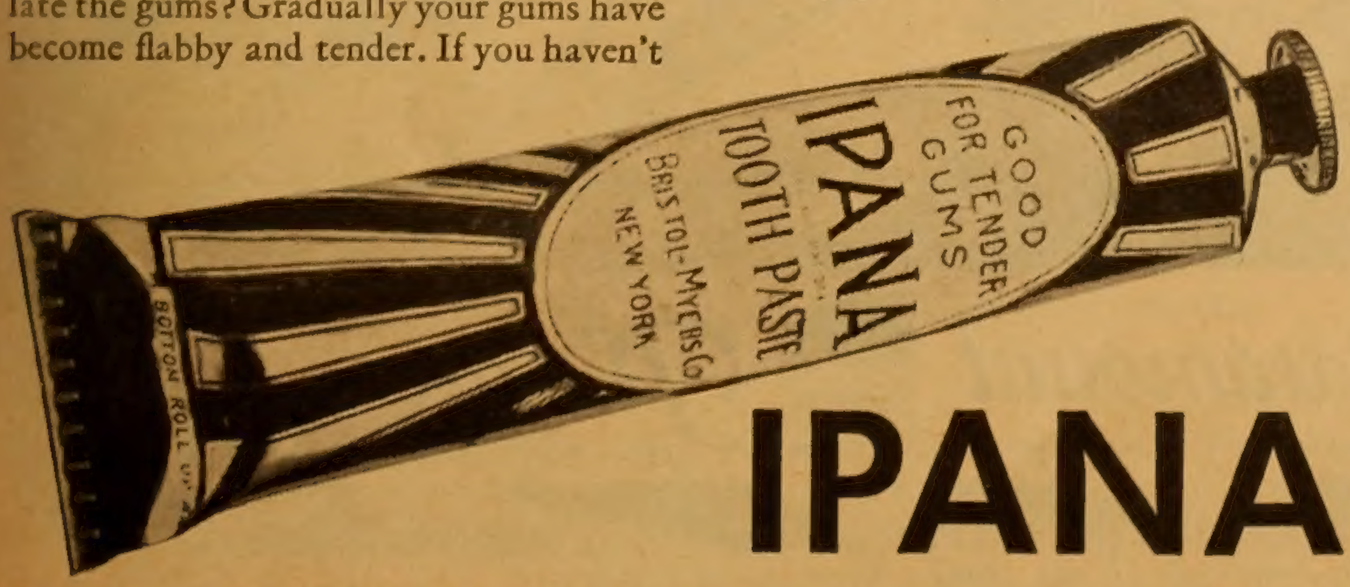
Do you realize that while today's foods are delicious, they are too soft to stimulate the gums? Gradually your gums have become flabby and tender. If you haven't "pink tooth brush" already, you probably *will* have it unless you do something about those touchy gums of yours.

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THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 3 No. 2 OCTOBER, 1932



GWILI ANDRE
The Girl On The Cover



The above photograph of Gwili Andre was taken by Cecil Beaton (right), famous English photographer of beautiful women. And from this portrait, Marland Stone (below) painted the full-color portrait on the cover of this issue. Both men are artists at portraiture—as proved by the fact that both have produced startling likenesses of the Danish newcomer who has other Hollywood beauties so worried. MOVIE CLASSIC is proud to be the first screen magazine to present her thus to the world. Gwili, though new to Hollywood, has been in America about four years — and before being "discovered" by RKO was the highest-paid gown model in New York. She leads a secluded life, and is a bit of a mystery. Her first picture was "Roar of the Dragon."



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COVER DRAWING OF GWILI ANDRE BY MARLAND STONE

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HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

JOHN GILBERT'S fourth marriage (to Virginia Bruce) may have been a surprise—but that was nothing, compared to the surprise packed in his new picture, "Downstairs." He wrote it himself, and with it he is trying a sensational experiment. Once the Great Lover and long a popular hero, he now becomes a villain! As a chauffeur in a castle in the Balkans, he swerves from one intrigue to another, his villainies constantly mounting, until finally there is a cataclysmic ending to them all. The world will be talking about John Gilbert again when it catches a glimpse of what he has done. If I am not mistaken, the world will be raving about him again.

WELL, well, well—what do you know? The movies have been vindicated as being fit for children! The British Commission on Educational and Cultural Films (sounds impressive enough, doesn't it?) has just finished a two-year international inquiry—and the good old motion pictures are being actually praised for what they have done, and are doing, for children! American censors please note.

The investigation revealed that "films encourage children to read more widely, enlarge the vocabulary, enrich personal experience" and that "the morally questionable element in films is ignored by children of school age." Take that, and that, and that!

Wonder how the Commission would have liked some of the recent titles on the theatre signboards? Aren't the movies, with such titles as these, being just a little too self-consciously naughty? It's like trying to get people inside the theatres by socking them in the eyes.

HELEN HAYES, who is about to make "The White Sister" and is debating whether or not she will give up the stage for the screen, declares that the actress who is doing the most for the stage today is Eva Le Gallienne, actress-manager of the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York. Helen points out that the famous daughter of Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, "can do anything from *Peter Pan* to *Juliet*, and do it superbly." And yet we haven't heard any rumors that the movies have been pursuing her! They'd better get busy. The movies could stand another good actress—or even two of them.

SOME of the producers seem to be getting hard-boiled. They are intimating that they are through "coddling" their stars. From now on, the stars will listen to the producers about what pictures they will make, and how they will make them; the producers are through doing the listening. They claim that they are in closer touch with the box office than the stars are, and accordingly know better what will go over at the box office, and what won't. They are through trying to make "artistic pictures" and will let the public—not the would-be artists—tell them what pictures to make.

I don't like the sound of this. It sounds like a stifling of experimentation in screen drama. It sounds as if studios are going to make, over and over, only the types of pictures that have proved to be money-makers.

If such a theory had been in practice a few months ago, "Grand Hotel"—an experiment in all-star casts—would not have been filmed as it was; "Bring 'Em Back Alive"—an experiment in jungle pictures without romance—would not have been made; and "Strange Interlude"—an expensive experiment in showing characters' inner thoughts—would have been made some other way. And look at the hits these novelties have been!

A GRAND FELLOW PASSES

James Quirk—"Jimmy" to everyone who knew him—is gone, and all Hollywood is in mourning. Jimmy's heart, which always beat double-time for Hollywood, suddenly stopped pulsing—and the movies lost one of the best friends they have ever had, or ever will have. But he was more than a friend of the stars and executives. As publisher and editor of "Photoplay," he was the public's friend first. First, last and always, he was there to tell the truth—and he was there to fight for better pictures—and to give credit when those better pictures came along. Publishing was more than a business to him; it was a great game of truth-telling and fighting for ideals.

As a competitor of his, we—perhaps better than anyone else—can testify to his fairness. We respected Jimmy Quirk. He was the kind of man who did not let business get in the way of friendships. He was a grand fellow, with a sense of humor that was irresistible; as independent as he was Irish; and more colorful than most of the stars he wrote about. He died where he would have wanted to die—in Hollywood, which is infinitely the poorer with his passing.

HOLLYWOOD is crowded with so-called independent film companies—but the "independent" often doesn't mean what it might. It means that they are independent of each other, not of the box office.

I often wonder what would happen if a group of first-calibre actors and actresses and directors banded together, on the order of the New York Theatre Guild, and presented only films of artistic merit. Back in its early days, the Theatre Guild scorned the box office and catered to art—and today it is the most powerful theatrical organization in New York. It has educated the theatre-going public to the idea that the Theatre Guild never presents trash, and the public appreciates the fact. I'm convinced that a similar organization in Hollywood would meet with like success. I'm convinced that the public not only deserves—but wants—more memorable movie dramas than it is getting.

THERE are some noteworthy stories, however, soon going into production that should be worth watching for. I'm thinking of "Green Pastures," the amusing spiritual of the colored race; "The Good Earth," the epic novel of China by Pearl S. Buck; "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the drama about the romance of the poets, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett; "The Moon and Sixpence," Somerset Maugham's great story of a conventional man who broke free and became an artist; "The Animal Kingdom," the amusing Philip Barry play about a man who married the wrong woman and did something about it; and "The Miracle," the great passion play.

"R-R-RIGHT now," I want to pay tribute to Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight." One of the film's songs has it that "the son of a gun is nothing but a tailor"—yet, to my mind, he is one of the least tailor-made stars. Clothes don't make Chevalier what he is. It's finesse. He makes love in whispers where some of the boys (you know the ones I mean) would shout their emotions. And when you think of it, aren't most lovers whisperers?

Larry Reid

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The sensational CHANDU, The Magician, greatest of all radio mystery thrillers NOW on the screen—thanks to Fox Film. Millions have sat spellbound, listening to the exploits of daring of this super magic maker—NOW you can both see and hear and CHILL with CHANDU and his further adventures in this marvelous Fox Film.



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A FOX PICTURE

STAR POWER





Marion Davies



Norma Shearer



Joan Crawford



Marie Dressler



Greta Garbo



Jimmy Durante



Buster Keaton



Ramon Novarro



John Gilbert



Laurel & Hardy



Directed by Edmund Goulding
From Vicki Baum's Play



Eugene O'Neill's Prize Play
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

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Lewis Stone	Conrad Nagel	Louise Closser Hale
Polly Moran	Robert Young	Ruth Selwyn
Jean Hersholt	Nils Asther	Diana Wynyard
Jean Harlow	Wallace Ford	William Bakewell
John Weissmuller	Ralph Graves	Helene Barclay
Walter Huston	Neil Hamilton	Virginia Bruce
Maureen O'Sullivan	Myrna Loy	Mary Carlyle
Anita Page	Una Merkel	Claire DuBrey
Karen Morley	Verree Teasdale	Muriel Evans
Dorothy Jordan	Helen Coburn	Lawrence Grant
Leila Hyams	Nora Gregor	Gertrude Michael
Joan Marsh	Hedda Hopper	Kane Richmond
John Miljan	Diane Sinclair	May Robson

METRO-

Lots of people avoided disappointment during the past year by making sure it was an M-G-M show before they bought their tickets. They saw, among other hits, such unforgettable M-G-M attractions as, "EMMA"... "HELL DIVERS"..."POSSESSED"..."TARZAN THE APE MAN"..."MATA HARI"... "THE CHAMP"..."RED-HEADED WOMAN"...*space prevents listing them all!*

A new season of motion pictures is here. Again you may safely depend on M-G-M. The welcome roar of the M-G-M Lion awaits you at your favorite picture theatre! Under his banner appear the stars who light the movie sky with joy.



Clark Gable



Wallace Beery



John Barrymore



Ethel Barrymore



Lionel Barrymore



Helen Hayes



Jackie Cooper



William Haines



Colleen Moore



Rob't Montgomery

M-G-M IS PROUD OF THESE!...DON'T MISS THEM!

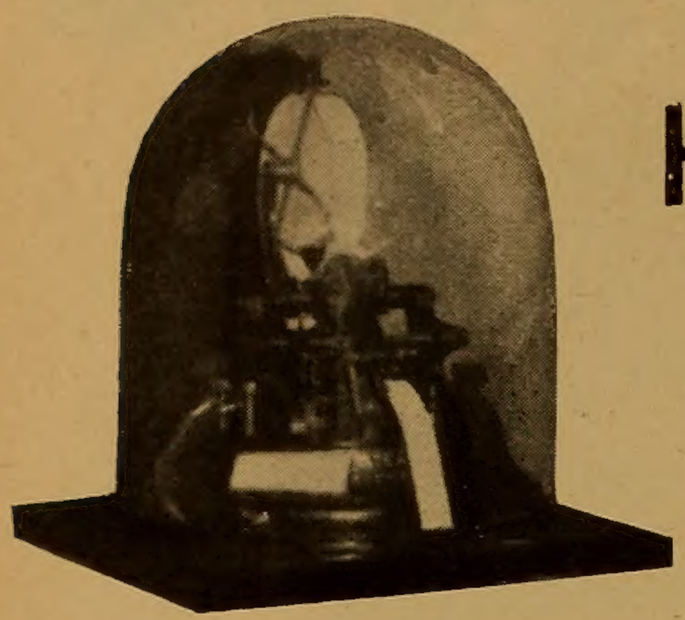
GRAND HOTEL... STRANGE INTERLUDE... NORMA SHEARER, FREDERIC MARCH in SMILIN' THROUGH... MARIE DRESSLER, POLLY MORAN in PROSPERITY... JOHN, ETHEL & LIONEL BARRYMORE in RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK...WALLACE BEERY in FLESH...JACKIE COOPER in FATHER AND SONS

—and many others



GOLDWYN-MAYER

TICKER TALK



HOLLYWOOD QUOTATIONS

BY
MARK DOWLING

LUPE VELEZ: "I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHETHER I'M ENGAGED, MARRIED, OR A GRASS WIDOW!".... SYDNEY EARL CHAPLIN: "I WANT TO BE LIKE MICKEY MOUSE!"..... CHARLES CHAPLIN, JR.: "I WANT TO BE A COWBOY!"..... CLAIRE WINDSOR: "I SAY FRANKLY THAT I AM NOT AN ANGEL." .....MAURICE CHEVALIER: "AS THE WORLD KNOWS, MARLENE AND MYSELF ARE THE BEST OF FRIENDS, BUT THERE IS NO THOUGHT OF MARRIAGE BETWEEN US."..... MRS. CHEVALIER: "OUR LOVE WILL BE MORE LASTING WITHOUT MATRIMONIAL FALSEHOODS. CERTAINLY WE WILL SEE EACH OTHER--AND WHY SHOULDN'T WE LIVE TOGETHER AGAIN?"..... LINA BASQUETTE IN "SUICIDE NOTE" TO DEMPSEY: "I LOVE YOU AND CANNOT GO ON WITHOUT YOU!"..... JEANETTE MACDONALD: "I HAVE NEVER BEEN MARRIED TO ANYONE! I STILL SAY MR. RITCHIE AND I ARE ONLY ENGAGED!" .....MORTON DOWNEY: "BARBARA BENNETT AND I ARE EXPECTING A BABY FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT."..... GRETA GARBO: "PLEASE GO AWAY. I AM GOING TO SWEDEN FOR A REST. PLEASE GO AWAY."....GEORGE JESSEL: "OF COURSE, NORMA AND I ARE IN LOVE!"..... NORMA TALMADGE: "I AM MARRIED AND SO IS GEORGE. IT IS STRICTLY BUSINESS BETWEEN US!"..... LINA BASQUETTE: "THEY TELL ME I WROTE A NOTE TO DEMPSEY. I DON'T REMEMBER. AT TIMES MY MIND HAS BEEN A BLANK SINCE I FELL FROM A HORSE FOUR MONTHS AGO."..... EVALYN KNAPP: "I AM ENGAGED TO DONALD COOK, BUT AS LONG AS I AM APPEARING IN PICTURES THERE WILL BE NO WEDDING BELLS."..... BOBBE ARNST: "JOHNNY WEISSMULLER AND I HAVE BEEN REPORTED SEPARATED SO OFTEN IT IS A JOKE!"..... JOHN GILBERT: "IT IS NOW 5:45, VIRGINIA. WE'LL BE MARRIED AT 6."

Paul Muni, the New York actor who played the title rôle in "Scarface," the much-censored gangster film, says, "I'll soon be known as the censored actor. At present I'm working on a Georgia chain-gang story, which will undoubtedly have trouble with the censors down South.

"I went to my first opening last night," the actor adds humorously. "I'm never going to another! I got recognized once, though, when a kid on the sidelines yelled *Hey! That's Walter Huston!* If I can't escape attending another opening I'll be sure to wear all my disguises."

Paul has been to Hollywood before, you may remember, when he made "Seven Faces" and other films for Fox. "But if you talk about the early days of the talkies," he says, "it sounds as if you were talking about Queen Victoria or the days when Bryan was running for president. Yet it was only three years ago that I made 'The Valiant' . . . and I'm learning new things every day.



"Microphones were rare then—we had only half enough to go round. No one thought talkies would last. We used to wait till the actors on the next set finished with their mikes, and then we'd borrow them.

"This chain-gang story," he adds more seriously, "will be another swell picture. The only difference from 'Scarface' is that that took us one year and this is going to be finished in five weeks!"

Paul is trying to forget *Scarface*, a rôle he liked "even though the censors wouldn't let him be human." He'd be willing to start anew with each picture—an unknown. He wants to give the fans a different Muni every time.



Cora Sue Collins, the coming baby star of the moment, is just five years old, and she says, "I like ice cream cones!" Under considerable prompting from her mother, she will add, "And I like the movies, too!"

Her mother, however, speaks for her, and tells a dramatic story of Cora's coming to Hollywood. "Things were pretty bad at home," she says. "Cora's father lost his business, and it's hard on a man to lose everything he has worked for all his life. We weren't very happy.

"I *knew* little Cora had talent—she's shown that ever since she was three days old!—but I didn't have enough money to buy a ticket to Hollywood. I visited the editor of our local paper and he agreed to pay the bus-fares for myself, Cora, and her little sister.

"I refused to drag Cora through casting offices, and we stayed for six months in Hollywood without anything turning up. We were nearly starving when one day the wife of a casting director saw Cora on the street, and through this lucky break she was given her first part.

"Now two big studios are offering her contracts, so it looks as if our troubles are over. Now some of the mothers of other acting children seem to resent that a little girl from out of town is getting such big parts. I'd like them to know that many's the time I have sat in casting offices and shut my eyes and said to myself —*If there is anyone here who needs that part worse than we do, I hope they get it!* I remember once that happened when we had only five cents left in the world!"

"AIR MAIL"



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GIANT planes roaring through the night . . . battling the fury of the elements so that you and I may receive our letters in a hurry . . . Brave men . . . and braver women . . . Living, Loving, Hating, Fighting.

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RALPH BELLAMY

GLORIA STUART, PAT O'BRIEN, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, LILIAN BOND, RUSSELL HOPTON, DAVID LANDAU, LESLIE FENTON, FRANK ALBERTSON, HANS FURBERG, TOM CARRIGAN and WILLIAM DALY.

Directed by JOHN FORD

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA — *Carl Laemmle, President* — 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By MARQUIS BUSBY

THE sight of three (count 'em) Barrymores all getting up emotional steam and acting in the same picture is a thrill that comes once in a lifetime. We were taken on the "Rasputin" set at M-G-M, and seeing Lionel, Ethel and John, all served with Russian dressing, was a darned big moment. The only thing to compare with it was the time we were taken as a child to the top of Pike's Peak.

Incidentally, they're having a lot of fun working together. It's a pretty impressive picture in the filming. Ethel wears the most regal duds you've ever seen as the Czarina of all the Russias. Lionel, of course, is the mad monk, Rasputin, and John is a perfectly elegant grand duke. Other M-G-M stars sneak on the set to watch the gorgeous court processionals, and the day we were there, Tallulah Bankhead was on the sidelines, as much agog over it all as the Canadian Olympic athletes, paying their first visit to a studio.

John's court costume weighs 40 pounds, and his boots reach to his thighs. Lionel observed his younger brother very late in the day, and remarked—"the boots are all that's holding him up."

Ethel carries the most wardrobe poundage—her court dress and jewelry weigh 60 pounds, and are exact replicas of the regalia worn by the honest-to-gosh Czarina.



Acme

Here's how Clark Gable's neighbors mob him, every time he tries to become "just one of the crowd." He was trying to attend a polo game at Santa Monica—but he forgot to wear a false beard and red hair. Onlookers, forgetting the game, surrounded him for autographs. Notice how well he takes it. And polo is his favorite game, too!

IT seems like the good, old days of movies are back with us again. There is "Rasputin," with hundreds of extras at M-G-M, and over at Paramount, C. B(athtub) DeMille is deeply engrossed in "The Sign of the Cross," a religious picture with worldly trimmings. DeMille still wears puttees, and that carries us back to the pre-sound era when all self-respecting directors came fully equipped with puttees and megaphones.

There are 7500 extras in this opera—and most of 'em have curly hair. It seems no Roman who amounted to much would think of being born without ringlets. Naturally, the curling iron is the most valuable prop on that picture.

Fredric March, who is playing the Roman prefect, has to have his hair curled five times a day. And for the first time on the screen he is revealing his manly limbs in all their pristine glory. He's taking a lot of kidding about it, too. It seems they are very good legs, and his studio pals are telling him he should take up musical comedy.

When it's all over, Freddie is going to get away from curling irons and bare legs and go to Europe for a vacation. It will be the first time across for his wife, Florence Eldridge, and Freddie wants to show her all the very best cathedrals and chateaux.

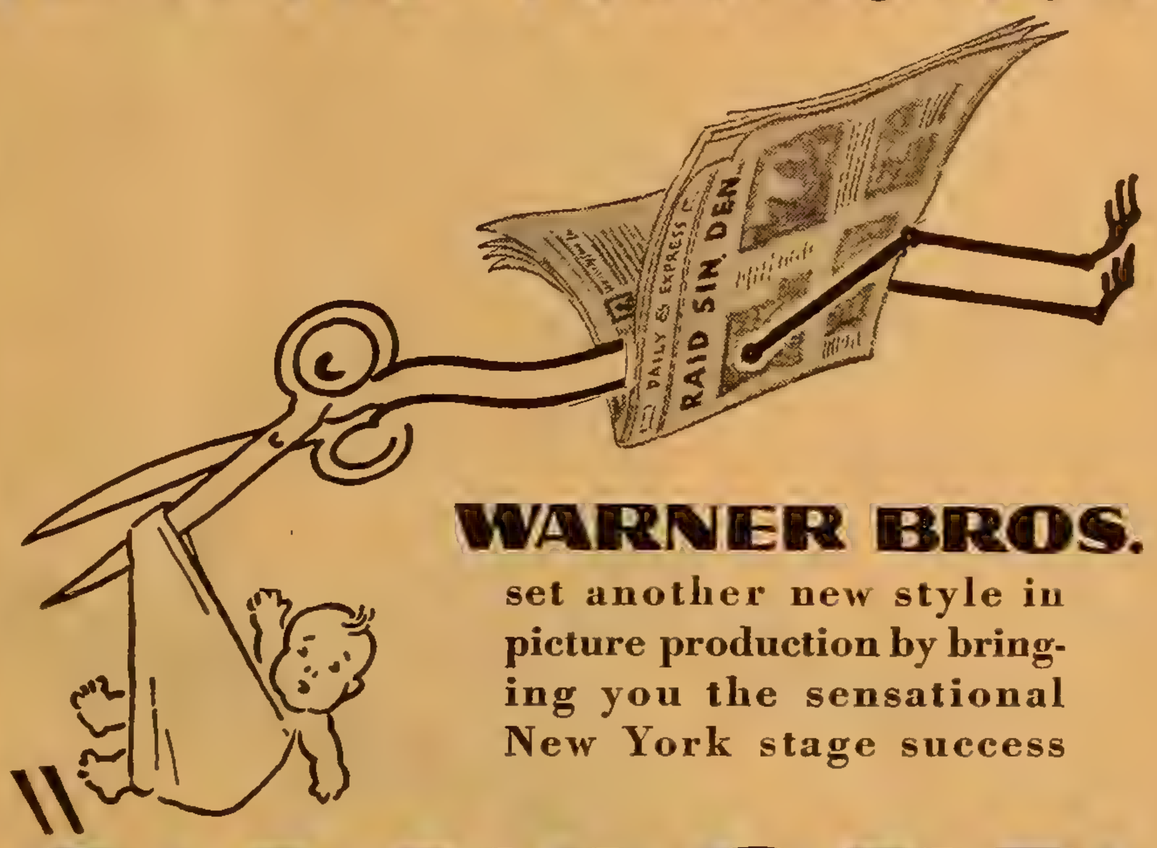
IT took a foreign lady to show the Hollywood girls something original and snappy in the way of radio speeches at a première—and radio speeches out here can be very trite and tiresome.

The Crown Princess Brenda of Kapurthala, which sounds like something out of *Graustark*, was invited to greet the listening public at the première of "Back Street." Everyone expected the princess to say something pretty classy, for after all crowned heads don't show up every day. She approached the radio—and this was her cheery, original greeting—

"'Ello, everybody."

(*Continued on page 65*)

Here it is! The scandalous comedy of a scandal columnist who rose FROM A KEYHOLE TO A NATIONAL INSTITUTION



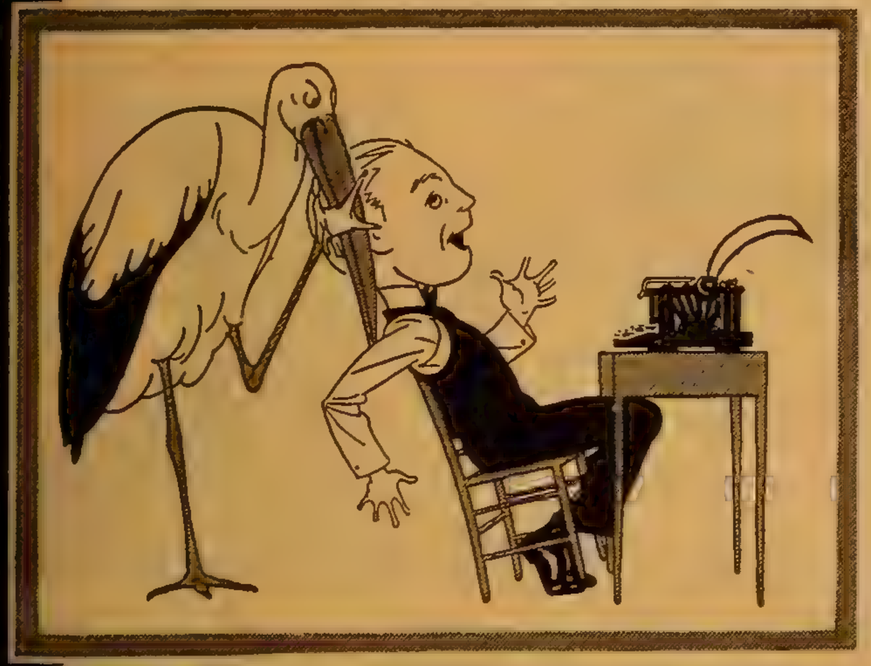
WARNER BROS.
set another new style in picture production by bringing you the sensational New York stage success

BLESSED EVENT"

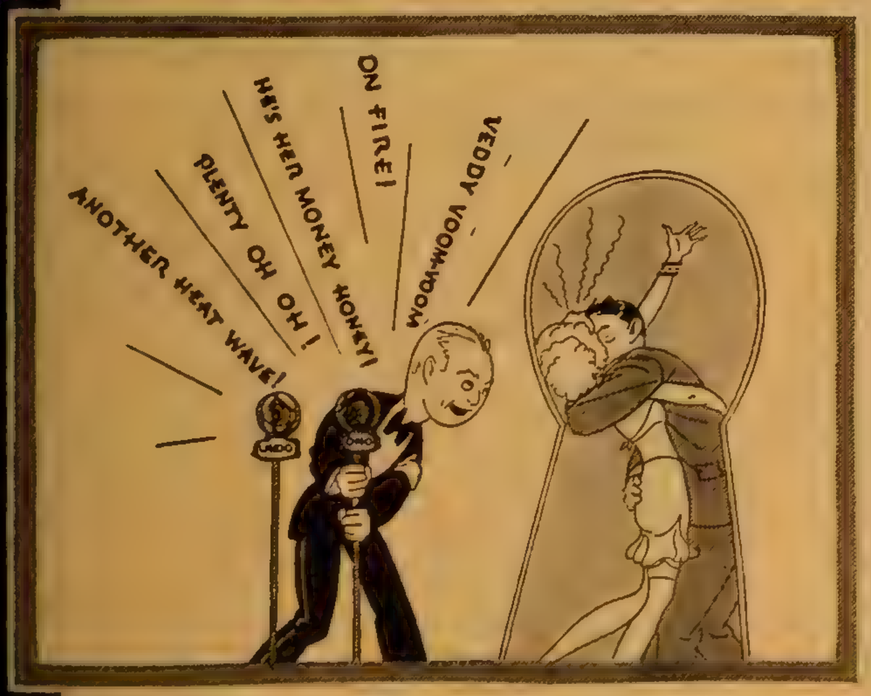
with **LEE TRACY . . . MARY BRIAN**
DICK POWELL
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH



He has bedroom eyes—
and a nose for news . . .



Predicts babies like the weather bureau predicts the weather . . .



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The private life of the man who abolished privacy...The lowdown on the Gossip King whose name bounced from Broadway 'round the world!...Take the *Los Angeles Times'* word for it—"it's the best screen entertainment seen in many a day" ...By all means watch for your theatre's announcement of this great hit.

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will bring you the new season's biggest thrills!

To make teeth

Beautiful . .

THIS PASTE TO CLEANSE AND POLISH



THIS ANTISEPTIC TO KILL GERMS

It is true that Listerine Tooth Paste will cleanse your teeth thoroughly and give them a marvelous brilliance and luster. It is true also that it will remove germs from gum and tooth surfaces.

But Science now says that such treatment is not sufficient to combat tooth decay properly.

After such cleansing, the gums and teeth should be rinsed with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, because dental authorities have now found that the lactobacillus germ causes tooth decay. Listerine is fatal to this germ, as it is to all others.

Because of the marvelous cleansing ability of Listerine Tooth Paste, and the luster and brilliance that its polishing agents give to teeth, we hope that you will use it. But whatever tooth paste you use, don't forget to rinse the mouth with Listerine afterward.

Then you know that you are killing the germs which cause tooth trouble and at the same time you are cleansing the mouth and rendering the breath sweet and agreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Brush with

Listerine Tooth Paste . 25¢ . . .

follow with **Listerine Antiseptic**

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC



The day after Ralph Forbes gave her a friendly divorce, Ruth Chatterton became the bride of George Brent—and thus brought an all-around happy ending to one of the most involved love stories in Hollywood history

By ELSIE RANDALL

Ruth Marries George And Everybody's Happy

"TOO happy for words!" Ruth Chatterton said to reporters, just after the ceremony at Harrison, New York, on August 13, when she became the bride of her leading man, George Brent. Out in Nevada, where he had obtained a divorce from Ruth the day before, Ralph Forbes wished the newlyweds "every happiness"—and meant it. The romance of Ruth and George is an unusual one, and behind their love story lies an unusual triangle—a triangle with eight angles.

Ironically enough, there is a similarity in the way both romances of Ruth Chatterton's started. When she was starring on the stage in "The Little Minister," she chose a young English actor, Ralph Forbes, as her leading man—and later married him. (That was eight years ago.) For her first picture under her new contract at Warner Brothers, "The Rich Are Always with Us," Ruth chose a young Irishman, George Brent, to be her leading man—and later married him. (After their mutual friend, Mr. Forbes, had obligingly sought a divorce—on the familiar grounds of "mental cruelty and divergence of tastes.")

No less a person than Ruth, herself, revealed just how obliging Ralph Forbes was, when she returned from a vacation in the Austrian Tyrol on August 12—the day of the divorce. She surprised reporters by asking them if she had yet been divorced; she said she hadn't heard. They hadn't yet heard, either. They asked her why Mr. Forbes was getting a divorce. "Why," said Ruth, "because I asked him to. He's a perfect darling, you know, and we are great pals." The reporters lifted eyebrows, but Ruth insisted that she was not joking.

How Romance Began

JUST when and how did the Chatterton-Brent romance begin? According to the "insiders," Ruth was looking over screen tests of various actors in the studio dark room, seeking a leading man for "The Rich Are Always with Us"—when Brent's likeness was flashed before her.

(*Continued on page 66*)



Charlie



Mary



Douglas



Constance



Harold



Will

$400,000 and up



Ruth



Marion



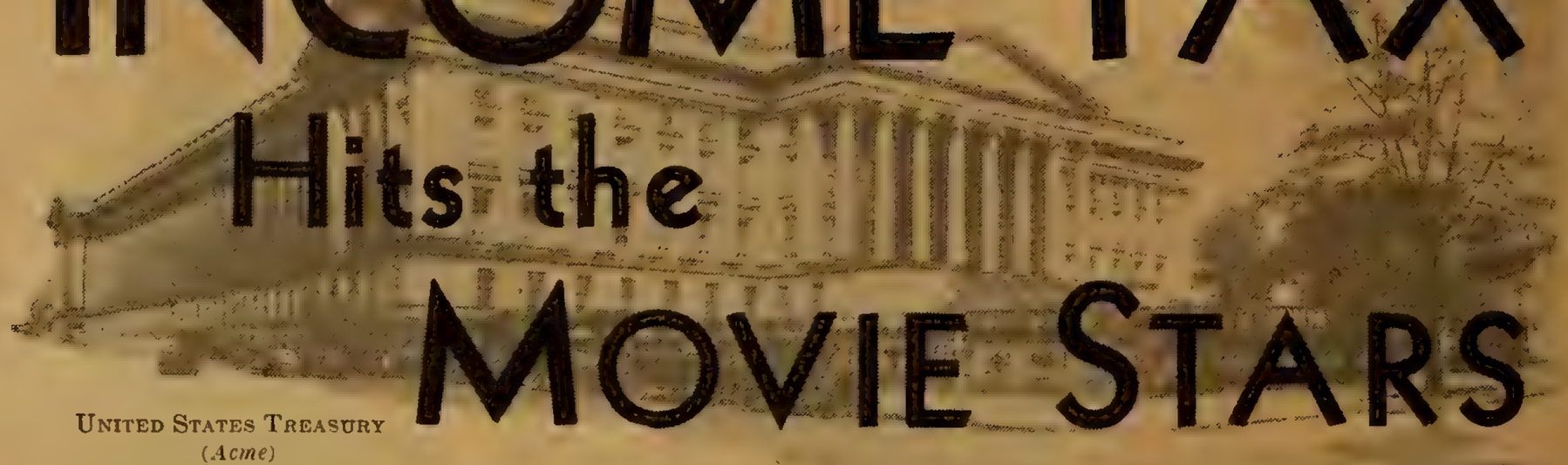
Richard

$300,000 to $400,000



Ann

How the INCOME TAX Hits the MOVIE STARS



UNITED STATES TREASURY
(*Acme*)

The bigger the salary, the bigger the tax. John Gilbert and Will Rogers are among those who will pay Uncle Sam MORE THAN HALF of what they earn, it is figured. Constance Bennett and Ann Harding are among those who will pay ALMOST HALF of what they make. Joan Crawford is one of those who will pay ONE-THIRD of their salaries in income tax. It's getting so that salary cuts are almost welcome in Hollywood!

It is obviously impossible to give absolutely accurate figures about film incomes. Salaries paid under studio contracts, with a few notable exceptions, are seldom available for publication. Then there are scores of exemptions to be taken into consideration before a net income can be computed. With all accounts at hand, corps of Hollywood tax experts labor weeks in making out returns.

The writer does not have exact knowledge of either individual exemptions or income from outside sources. He can therefore present only hypothetical deductions based upon confidential information, which he has reason to believe is approximately correct. For the table of tax percentages to which this information has been applied, he is indebted to Forest W. Monroe, noted Hollywood income tax authority.—Editor.

NO longer is it necessary for you to wonder what becomes of the fabulous money that movie stars make. Take one look at the new income tax law and you have the answer. The government gets it.

If there was ever a measure enacted to make most of us content with our relatively humble salaries, the 1932 income tax is that little pacifier. We can well rejoice in the knowledge that even if we had it, it wouldn't do us any good. For Congress apparently decided to put to use that old adage about "the bigger they come——"

The headaches already caused in Hollywood by this new income tax, if placed end to end, or even side by side, would reach considerably farther than Washington. Choice bits of scandal have ceased to arouse the usual interest in Hollywood. The movie crowd is too busy figuring out another kind of interest.

Gilbert's Big Tax

AS a concrete example of how dark the Ethiopian in the woodpile is this year, take the case of John Gilbert. Everyone knows that John draws a half-million dollars a year for two pictures. Let's say that his income from other sources equals his exemptions and that the half-million is therefore net. Upon that sum he paid a surtax last year of 20 per cent. This year, he will be requested to pay $263,720, or 52.7 per cent, if his net income is the same *—more than fifty-two cents of every dollar he earns.*

Under the act of 1928 which governed the 1931 income tax, the maximum surtax —the additional, graduated tax for the higher income brackets—was twenty per cent. This year, it runs as high as sixty-three per cent—eight normal and fifty-five surtax. And that's hard to take, even if you are earning millions.

Most studio contracts, specifying a weekly salary, are for only forty weeks a year. Thus a salary of $3,500 usually means a total of $140,000, not $182,000. Constance Bennett is one of the few exceptions, her contract covering the full twelve months.

By JACK GRANT

Her home studio changed the terms of its agreement with the star when Connie, deciding to turn her twelve-weeks layoff into golden dollars, contracted for two features on a rival lot. This was her much-publicized $30,000-a-week contract with Warners. RKO promptly revised its agreement with Connie and she is now said to be drawing $6,000 a week. That will make her income from pictures in excess of $450,000 this year—$312,000 from RKO and $150,000 from Warners. On this amount, she must pay approximately fifty cents on every dollar for income tax, less exemptions.

Will Pays More Than Half

WILL ROGERS' film salary is also $450,000—he is paid $150,000 for three pictures a year. His writing brings him tremendous additional sums, as does his frequent radio and theatrical work. It would be difficult to estimate his total yearly earnings, but it is safe to say he must pay more than half to the Government.

There are few larger incomes than Will's in the film colony. Possibly topping Rogers are Charles Chaplin, whose grosses from "City Lights" are said to exceed three millions to date; Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg. Norma is reputed to be receiving $6,000 weekly, while Thalberg, who is production chief of M-G-M, draws an even larger sum. The Thalberg's joint net earnings undoubtedly place them in the fifty per cent tax bracket.

Among those earning between three and four hundred thousand, we find John Barrymore, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Ann Harding, Richard Barthelmess, Marion Davies, George Arliss, George Bancroft and others. All will pay taxes for 1932 of approximately forty-six per cent of the net figures. Jeanette MacDonald, also, is close to being in the fifty-fifty class, with her screen, radio and concert earnings.

Ruth Chatterton and William Powell are both under contract to Warners for two years, the first twelve months having just ended. Their agreements were originally identical, reputedly calling for three pictures at $100,000 each the first year and three more at $125,000 each the second.

Ruth, however, had her contract changed to read $112,500 apiece for six pictures, which amount has been paid pro rata in a weekly wage. She said that, as she was not a business woman, it would be easier for her to work this way. Warners humored her and, as it turned out, Ruth's whim will be the means of saving her several thousand dollars in taxes, now that the Government has boosted the tax rate.

Ann Harding draws a straight $80,000 a picture for four this year. Her studio holds an option for an additional four next season at $100,000 each. Richard Barthelmess is paid $150,000 a feature, but makes only two a year. When recently approached to take a reduction, he agreed to make another picture without charge this season. This makes his salary $100,000 per picture. George Bancroft receives a like figure as, it is understood, did George Arliss, before he recently agreed to a cut that now makes his income approximately $80,000 a picture. Marion Davies is said to have drawn a straight $10,000 weekly for forty weeks, until she, like practically every other star in town, recently agreed to a salary cut.

In the two hundred to three hundred thousand dollars bracket, accord-

(*Continued on page 69*)

The following computations compiled by Forest W. Monroe, Hollywood tax expert, are based upon the *net* income of individuals receiving an income of, or over $10,000 for the calendar year 1932. No allowance has been made for dividends received or dependents.

NET INCOME	Normal Tax Single	Surtax Married or Single	Total Tax Single	Total Tax Joint Return Married
$ 5000	$ 160		$ 160	$ 100
7500	360	$ 15	375	255
10000	560	40	600	480
12000	720	80	800	680
14000	880	140	1020	900
16000	1040	220	1260	1140
18000	1200	320	1520	1400
20000	1360	440	1800	1680
22000	1520	600	2120	2000
24000	1680	780	2460	2340
26000	1840	980	2820	2700
28000	2000	1200	3200	3080
30000	2160	1440	3600	3480
32000	2320	1700	4020	3900
36000	2640	2300	4940	4820
38000	2800	2620	5420	5300
40000	2960	2960	5920	5800
42000	3120	3320	6440	6320
44000	3280	3700	6980	6860
46000	3440	4100	7540	7420
48000	3600	4520	8120	8000
50000	3760	4960	8720	8600
52000	3920	5420	9340	9220
54000	4080	5900	9980	9860
56000	4240	6400	10640	10520
58000	4400	6920	11320	11200
60000	4560	7460	12020	11900
62000	4720	8020	12740	12620
64000	4880	8600	13480	13360
66000	5040	9200	14240	14120
68000	5200	9820	15020	14900
70000	5360	10460	15820	15700
72000	5520	11120	16640	16520
74000	5680	11800	17480	17360
76000	5840	12500	18340	18220
78000	6000	13220	19220	19100
80000	6160	13960	20120	20000
82000	6320	14720	21040	20920
84000	6480	15500	21980	21860
86000	6640	16300	22940	22820
88000	6800	17120	23920	23800
90000	6960	17960	24920	24800
92000	7120	18820	25940	25820
94000	7280	19700	26980	26860
96000	7440	20600	28040	27920
98000	7600	21520	29120	29000
100000	7760	22460	30220	30100
150000	11760	46460	58220	58100
200000	15760	70960	86720	86600
300000	23760	120960	144720	144600
400000	31760	171960	203720	203600
500000	39760	223960	363720	263600
750000	59760	356460	416220	416100
1000000	79760	491460	571220	571100

$200,000 to $300,000


Wallace


Marie


Maurice


Tallulah


Ronald

$3,500 Weekly


Joan


Gary


Kay


Robert


Nancy



Besides being armed with beauty, Dorothy Bartlam (right) is using a sword in carving out a career for herself. She's English, and you'll be seeing her in "Fires of Fate" and "The Love Race"

Is Andy Devine, the young whispering comedian, about to embark on the matrimonial seas? There's a rumor afloat that Alene Carroll will soon be keeping house on Andy's houseboat



Ray Jones

LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

BY

DOROTHY MANNERS

SEEN at the Grauman's Chinese première of "Strange Interlude":

A very sunburned Jean Harlow in a flesh colored evening gown. The only make-up she wore was lip rouge. This is a new style *motif* for the platinum blonde, who used to wear plenty of make-up.

Constance Bennett smiling sweetly at the news photographers who were "snapping" her with her director, George Fitzmaurice. This smiling at photographers is also something new for Connie. She was the most simply gowned woman at the event. Her dress was black, with silver shoulder straps.

Mary Pickford in pink, strolling about on the arm of Gary Cooper, at intermission. Mary, it is said, wants Gary to be her co-star in her new picture.

Two little children in the sidewalk crowd were hurt. Above the excitement, you could hear the approach of the ambulances. Norma Shearer was dreadfully upset. The alarming sirens sent shivers down the bare stellar backs.

Lilyan Tashman wore a dog-collar of diamonds and a very Grecian sort of coiffure.

The electrician who flooded the lady stars with green lights during intermission must have had malice in his heart. The prettiest face looked like a bad bilious spell.

David Manners and Billie Dove strolled through the crowd holding hands. John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce tried vainly to get to the water boy.

For the most part, the crowd was friendly and good-natured, but somebody yelled: "How does it feel to have $5.50 to spend for a movie ticket"?

After the picture had been on about an hour, a very celebrated gentleman in front of me fell asleep. The critics were divided . . . some liked it and some didn't.

Somebody said that Clark Gable (as he grows older in "Strange Interlude") looks like a man who has stood out in a snowstorm too long.

OVERHEARD on the Paramount lot: Gary Cooper, the old kidder, (putting his arm around an old girl friend and pretending to be very nervous about it): "Is your husband looking?"

The girl: "No! Is the Countess?"

WE hear tell that Frances Dee is very much in love with Charles Boyer, a young French actor, who is a great friend of Maurice Chevalier's. It is said that Frances and the young Frenchman have been on the point of

eloping on several occasions until Frances stopped and remembered that the gentleman's professional work would keep him in France and she would have to remain in Hollywood. And that wouldn't be so good with a continent and an ocean between them —to say nothing of the high cost of cablegrams.

Frances, could of course, at the end of her contract accompany her love to Paris. Is it any wonder that they say the girl is busily studying French?



What's this about a "break" between the newlyweds, Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen? If there ever was one, it's all over now. It looks as if they're seeing "eye to eye" again!

A GIRL star who has suffered many romantic disillusions in her Hollywood romances was talking over her old beaux with a friend. After naming off one unfaithful swain after another, she sighed:

"Ronald Colman was the only one who was ever consistent!"

"Ronald Colman?" gasped her pal. "I didn't even know you knew him!"

"I don't," sighed the lovelorn, "But at least he's been consistent in staying *out* of my life!"



Here's a steer for you if you crave some adventure. Tom Keene, the hardridin' cowboy, does some fancy one-arm driving, girls, in "Come On, Danger"—with a snappy one-seater that boasts two horns



Acme

All punning aside, the romance of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce was a tennis-courtship. The first time John met her, he asked her to play tennis. One love game led to another, until finally she consented to play opposite him "forever"



Kornman

Don't be surprised if you hear romance rumors soon about Constance Cummings. She's Joel McCrea's girl in "Sports Page"

THE WarnerBrothers have given Hollywood quite a jolt! They have come right out and said that they are through catering to the temperamental whims and fancies of their contracted players. No longer will they "coddle" any star, nor will they write into any future contract the privilege of the star's having anything to say about stories, directors or casts.

Says Jack Warner: "We are running a business, not a favor factory. And what's more, I do not think a player has the clear perspective to know just what it is the public wants. On the other hand, the producer is constantly in touch with the exhibitor and the box-office. He knows what does, or does not, click. The players who raise the most fuss about their stories are the very ones who never investigate these conditions. From now on, no Warner Brothers star will have the privilege of holding up a production because he, or she, does not like the story." No report has been received from Warner players whether they'll take it and like it but no further trouble is anticipated after the Cagney and Dvorak walk-out.



Besides stealing pictures, Wynne Gibson has stolen Randolph Scott away from all the other girls. Doesn't that make her a pirate?

ON Bill's Birthday, Carole Lombard and William Powell gave their first large formal party since their marriage more than a year ago. Carole had invited about fifty people as a "surprise" for her husband. But two or three days before the party almost everyone Bill met hailed him with: "Tell Carole I'll be over Friday to her dinner party." When about thirty people made the same remark, Bill began to wonder if Carole had slightly lost her mind and invited the entire town to dine with them. Then he remembered his birthday and began to suspect what was up. In order not to ruin Carole's fun he put on the old "surprise" act when the festivities began. Bill is not the sort of fellow to queer anybody's good time, least of all his wife's. So he never let on that he knew a thing. Everyone had fun.

CLARA BOW is temporarily Cecil B. De Mille's next-door neighbor on a high hill in Hollywood, while her Beverly Hills home is being re-decorated. Clara looks wonderfully well and managed to reduce her weight to 117 pounds as "Call Her Savage" went into production.

But here's the catch. Clara and Rex Bell miss their ranch "something awful." "Just one or two more pictures for me," says the red-head. "Then Rex and I are going back for good...."



Coburn

Irene Dunne, with "Thirteen Women" finished, is burning up golf courses again. She's Hollywood's best woman golfer



Richee

Using an orange instead of a daisy, Maurice Chevalier is saying, "She loves me—she loves me not." Wonder who "she" is?

THE Fox studio thought it had its hands full arranging interview appointments with the newly temperamental Janet Gaynor. But Janet is comparatively easy to contact, compared to Clara. When Clara returned to Hollywood there were seventy-four requests for interview appointments from the local press people. Clara took one look at the list and nearly swooned. "If I saw all these people, I'd never get the picture made," she wailed. In view of the fact that she feels she can't meet them all, she has just about decided not to see any of them. The publicity department is still arguing—and may win. Clara has always been an obliging girl.



Welbourne

Her European trip ended, Ruth Chatterton is back in Hollywood—and besides planning a life together, she and George Brent will probably co-star, also

LEE TRACY pulled the classic line of the month in the following unconsciously humorous remark:

"I do not think it is good for the public to know an actor sometimes takes a drink."

Lee, you know, is pretty fast on the trigger. He thinks them up, just like *that*. No wonder they gave him the wise-cracking columnist rôle in "Blessed Event." Read what Lee says about himself a few pages over. You're sure to know him better.

(*Continued on page 64*)



Dolores Del Rio

Marlene Dietrich

Greta Garbo

Are Foreign Stars Hated in their own Countries?

"Hate" may be a strong word—but Dolores Del Rio and Lupe Velez have recently been censured by Mexico, and their last pictures banned. Dietrich rates higher than Garbo in Sweden—and Greta is more popular in Germany than Marlene. Novarro is one foreign star who's an exception—he's a hit in all Spanish-speaking countries. You may be surprised to find out who are the biggest international favorites of them all!

By TOM FRASER

Mexico City—After the second day's showing at a local theatre, the Mexican Government ordered "The Girl of the Rio," starring Dolores Del Rio, closed. The film was roundly flayed by the press and public demonstrations were staged in protest against the characterization enacted by the star.—News Item

THE publication of the above press despatch was the basis of considerable editorial comment in daily papers throughout the United States. Newspapers recalled and quoted the proverb about "prophets without honor in their own country." Only in Hollywood was the occurrence regarded as routine news. For "unhonored prophets" are now an old story to Hollywood.

It may surprise you, as it did the rest of the world, to learn that Dolores Del Rio is much more popular in this country and in Europe than she is in her native Mexico. You may also be amazed that Marlene Dietrich is regarded as a bigger box-office attraction in Sweden than Greta Garbo, while conversely in Dietrich's fatherland, the Swedish Garbo outdraws the German girl two to one. In France, Jeanette MacDonald outranks them both, likewise towering in popularity far above such French women in American films as Lily Damita, Claudette Colbert and the French-Canadian, Fifi Dorsay.

These statements are not based upon hearsay, but upon actual records of motion picture attendance in foreign lands. Then, too, there is the matter of billing. In Berlin, the advertising for "Morocco" read "Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou in 'Morocco,' with Marlene Dietrich." Some houses left Marlene's name off altogether.

Hollywood recognizes the supremacy of the American film star over native sons in European countries. Popularity is not so fleeting in other countries as in America. Once an actor is established, he is assured of a following

(*Continued on page 78*)

HOLLYWOOD'S SECRET MARRIAGES (*Who Can Tell?*)

By EDWARD MADDEN

IS George Raft secretly married? For a "yes" to that question, masculine Hollywood would be willing to pay several thousand dollars—because the sleek, black-haired former gigolo who lately reached star prominence on the screen has stirred the hearts of the feminine members of the film colony more than any young man in many a moon—not excepting even the great Gable.

The past life of this handsome screen menace is hidden by an attractive veil of mystery, which his studio's denials of every sort of rumor, Georgie's own smiling, but silent attitude, and his recent habit of hiring an impressive "bodyguard" (with a hint of secret enemies) does nothing to diminish.



Gwili Andre is supposed to be engaged to a rich New York broker but there are those who say she is married to a Washington diplomat

Hollywood greets most newcomers with a "Who are *you?*" and "Where did *you* come from?"—but in Georgie's case there seem to be hundreds of people all over town willing to tell, to any reporter who will listen, fantastic and startling stories that could not all have happened to one man, not even Georgie.

The first hint of the Raft marriage rumors came when a beautiful star who had attracted Georgie's attention decided that she would like to know a little more about him than the facts that he danced as smoothly as a professional and talked amusingly. She had him looked up. Just what her sleuths uncovered she has not revealed, but from the moment she read their reports, she refused to consider Georgie very seriously.

George's Alleged Marriage

"I *found out he already has a wife in existence,*" she confided to friends. "Of course, that puts him out of the running, matrimonially speaking!"

This astonishing news burst like a bombshell upon the contingent of feminine admirers who had hitherto regarded Georgie as a very eligible bachelor. Other rumors followed thick and fast. A woman who had known George Raft intimately for years volunteered the information that he had been married, for ten years, to a non-professional who lives in New York. There has been no divorce as yet, she adds, though they expect to procure one soon.

More ambitious gossips, not content with this report, whisper that Georgie has a handsome nine-year old son by this marriage, at school somewhere in the East.

That's the *pro* side of the argument. The *con* stand is taken very firmly by Mr. Raft, himself, who says, "Why should I get married when there are plenty of attractive girls who seem willing to dine and dance with me—just as I am? . . . I'm



Hollywood suspects Aileen Pringle, left, is married to Matt Moore, but Aileen says "we're just pals." Lily Damita, above, keeps everyone guessing whether she is married to Sidney Smith. No one can deny they are very much in love

Joan Blondell wouldn't even admit she was "engaged"—and then it turned out she was secretly married. Which makes Hollywood wonder about several other stars. What about George Raft—and Jeanette MacDonald—and Lily Damita—and Lina Basquette—and Gwili Andre—and Carmelita Geraghty—and Aileen Pringle?



Jeanette MacDonald, above, has been engaged to Robert Ritchie for five years, but Hollywood's romanticists like to believe she has marched to the altar with him. And what about Lina Basquette at the left? Is she the secret bride of Teddy Hayes?

sitting right here," he adds, meaning that he intends to maintain his status as a bachelor, "It's up to *you* to find out the truth!"

To make matters still clearer, he doubles up his fists (he used to be a boxer, too) and repeats, "I'm not married now, I never have been married, and I'm not going to be married!"

Hollywood, however, has been misled so often by the denials of the principals in these matters that a star's word is no longer taken for gospel, where matters of divorce, marriage, and engagements are in question. Didn't Ruth Chatterton, for instance, deny up until the last moment that she was almost at the parting of the ways with Ralph Forbes? Wasn't the idea of George Brent as the other man in the case laughed off persistently by everyone concerned?





Joan Blondell was secretly married to George Barnes and fooled Hollywood completely, while George Raft denies he was ever married and insists he will remain a bachelor

Joan Was Secretly Married

MORE recently, didn't Joan Blondell maintain silence regarding her "engagement" to George Barnes, refusing to affirm or deny the reports that they intended to marry?

It was only the other day that the film colony discovered that the couple were secretly married, when they appeared at Gold Beach, Oregon, on a honeymoon fishing trip. Even Joan's studio, Warner Brothers, insisted that they were in ignorance of the star's plans until reports of her secret wedding to the United Artists cameraman were published in the newspapers.

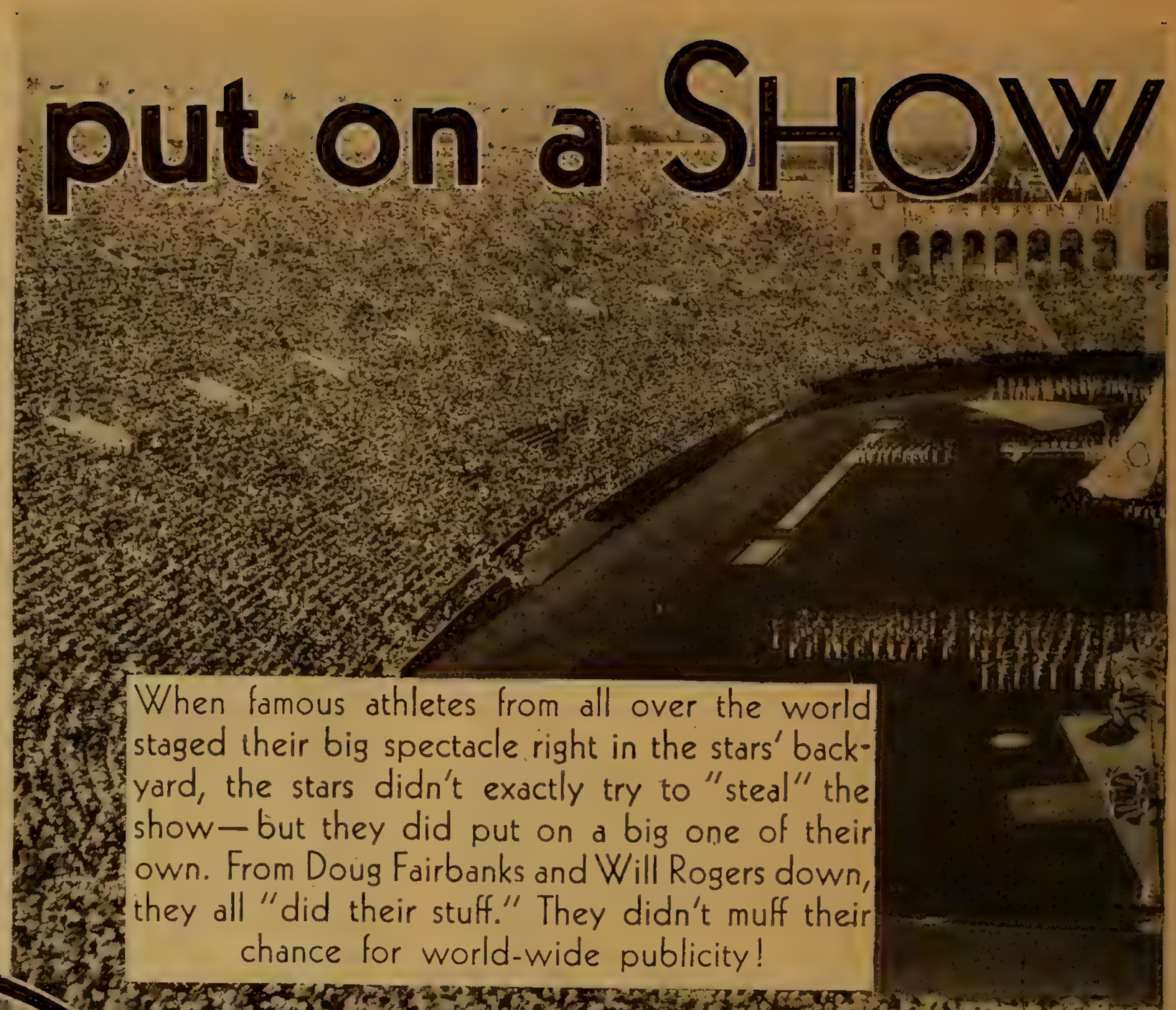
Everyone knew, of course, that Joan and George had been going together for months—and that's just why all the other "engaged" couples in town are

(*Continued on page 60*)

STARS put on a SHOW



Johnny Weissmuller in the pool with seven American mermaids. At right, panoramic view of the opening ceremonies in the Stadium



When famous athletes from all over the world staged their big spectacle right in the stars' backyard, the stars didn't exactly try to "steal" the show—but they did put on a big one of their own. From Doug Fairbanks and Will Rogers down, they all "did their stuff." They didn't muff their chance for world-wide publicity!



Groucho and Chico Marx clown and wise-crack for the Olympic swimmers. That's Eleanor Holm in center. In the rear are Katherine Rawls, Fredric March, Georgia Coleman, Jo McKim and Mickey Riley





At left, Anita Page gets ham Pete Zaremba and Grant Didrickson, the one-gal specs to

THE only time in the history of the movies that the stars have stopped turning out pictures to show themselves to visiting celebrities—not for just a day, not for just a week, but for three long weeks —has just been recorded. This precedent-shattering event took place with the 1932 Olympic Games. While the athletes were staging the greatest record-breaking show of all time, the movie stars—from Douglas Fairbanks down—were putting on the greatest free show in Hollywood history.

Although billed as a tremendous international sport spectacle, competed in by more than two thousand bronzed, lithe young men and women, the pick of forty-two nations, the Tenth Olympiad, so far as Hollywood was concerned, turned out to be one of the great publicity opportunities of a lifetime.

To begin with, the stars really didn't know that the Olympic Games were in town until they found themselves having their pictures taken in greater doses than ever before. Hollywood, except for a few rare souls, revolves about Malibu, movie sets, parties, gossip—and the Olympics were beyond their horizon.

Suddenly the stars discovered themselves posing with track pants draped lightly over either arm, with javelins poised ready for hurls, with arms affectionately draped around burly boxers; they found themselves, to their great amazement and probably slight horror,

By MURIEL

©1932 Xth Olympiad Committee

for the OLYMPICS





Acme

Doug and Mary didn't miss any of the games—and visitors didn't miss them. Here they are autographing pictures and programs

mer-throwing lessons from McDougal. Above, "Babe" track team, pays her re- Janet Gaynor

At left, Dorothy Jordan intends to vault high to stardom and asks Bill Miller and George Jefferson to teach her. Above, the husky girls of the Dutch team collect autographs from Frances Dee, wearing the dark pyjamas

going through the motions of acting before empty cameras just—all to amuse visiting celebrities.

And when Hollywood works and actually emotes without any recompense in the background—not even a stray foot of film in the camera to show for perspiring efforts – that's something! It was the beginning of an ordeal in the interests of international publicity, they discovered.

Buster Keaton was one of the first victims. Hot and weary, he worked all one day before a dummy camera on a torrid set, performing in his frozen-faced way for the benefit of a half-hundred goggle-eyed visitors. The episodes were for Buster's latest picture, "Speak Easily," but what the visitors didn't know was that it had been completed for a week and that Buster was just walking through scenes for their special benefit. In one sequence, he was supposed to quaff his thirst by drinking from a huge crockery pitcher—the kind you used to find on small-town hotel wash stands. And Buster did it with much gusto.

Johnny Weissmuller did his bit for the athletes. Recalled from his favorite seat in the bleachers overlooking Olympic pool, he re-enacted "Tarzan" all over again. Johnny swung from trees, and burbled unintelligible monkey sounds for the benefit of watchers. Now, I don't know whether the studio thought the Olympic visitors of the day were so simple-minded that they wouldn't know

(*Continued on page 80*)

BABCOCK

LEE TRACY, *Fighting Mad*, Kills a Rumor

He's the Irishman who took Cagney's place in "Blessed Event" and made a big hit for himself. Then somebody started the story that he was irresponsible—because of The Cup That Cheers. With fire in his eye, Lee denies the charges—and advances evidence to prove his case. Here's a chap who can talk straight from the shoulder!

BY DON WINTERS



Although he has been in Hollywood a comparatively short time, Lee Tracy has worked at three major studios—and has left two of them without sufficient explanation to satisfy Hollywood. The movie colony immediately sought the "real reason" for his "losing so many jobs!" It hit on the argument that the reason was The Cup That Cheers—to which Lee replies in this exclusive interview, reasonably and frankly.—Editor.

"I'D like to lay my hands on the fellow that started the story that I liked my 'likker' in big dozes! Sure, I take a nip now and then; sometimes I take two nips. Who doesn't? But I'm no irresponsible drunkard, and I can prove it—by statistics!"

Lee Tracy is burning, ladies and gentlemen—burning white-hot over the rumor that the "real reason" why he was not placed under contract by Warners after his hit performance in "Blessed Event" was that he drank, not wisely but too well. And when Tracy burns, even Nero would have a hard time fiddling. The spectacle caused by this Irishman ablaze calls for no soft violin music.

No wonder Lee is hot! Far from the producers' being afraid to sign him, three major studios have been fighting for him, with the result that he is now under contract to all three of them! He will make two pictures for Columbia and has now started on his second under this contract. He will make two pictures for Radio, one of which will be "Phantom Fame." And he will make two pictures for Paramount, stories of which are yet to be chosen.

There's something about the combination of the words *real* and *reason* that unduly excites Hollywood. It never fails. Hollywood relishes *real reasons* and invariably gives them wide circulation. In Tracy's case, the gossiping reached a greater circulation than usual, even to the extent of having one of the local columnists publicly wail, "It is a shame Mr. Tracy drinks, for if he didn't, he might become an outstanding screen personality."

What Made Him Maddest

IT was the publication of this blurb that ignited Lee to violent rebuttal. Only with difficulty did his friends restrain him from buying a page in the columnist's paper in order that he might offer a thousand-dollar reward to any person proving him irresponsible or unreliable because of drinking.

"I never was fired from a stage show or a movie studio because of drinking. At one studio they kept me sitting for weeks, waiting for something to do—naturally I had a few highballs to forget my troubles!

"That's where my statistics would come in," he says. "You see, I played in 'The Show-Off' for over a year in New York, *five hundred and seventy-one performances*, to be exact. As the hoofer in 'Broadway,' I did a total of

(*Continued on page 76*)

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS



Lilyan Tashman has a cottage at Malibu and the whole Pacific Ocean to bathe in, but occasionally she likes to tub. Lil, who sets styles in Hollywood, came through the summer without a tan. She's now in "Those We Love"



Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Fenton (Ann Dvorak to you) sail away on a surprise honeymoon trip. See story page 30



Acme

George Jessel and Norma Talmadge, appearing on stage together, deny marriage plans—since neither is yet divorced. But both have mentioned divorce plans!



Father of a new son, John Miljan (left) has just adopted Richard and Robert Hale—sons of Mrs. Miljan by a former marriage



Grimes



Stax

The happy little girl above is the latest platinum blonde to have Hollywood all in a dither. For, suddenly appearing from nowhere, Paulette Goddard seems to be the newest heart interest of Charlie Chaplin. (See story page 29.) And the happy couple at the left are, of course, John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, who became Mrs. Gilbert on August 11. John decided at 5:45 that he'd like to be married that day, and by 6:30 he was—in a ceremony at the studio

HARRY BANNISTER DENIES HE'S "ENGAGED," BUT GIRL DOESN'T

Actor, who objected to being "Mr. Ann Harding," says there will not be a "Mrs. Harry Bannister" right away—but 18-year-old Nancy Lyon keeps Hollywood guessing

By JANET BURDEN

WHEN Harry Bannister was divorced from his wife, it was offered as an excuse that he objected to being known as "Mr. Ann Harding." Now, only a few months later, it looks very much as though there might soon be a "Mrs. Harry Bannister."

When Harry left recently for England to act on the London stage, there were three ladies at the airport to say goodbye to him. One was Ann Harding; one was Jane, their small daughter; and the third was an attractive eighteen-year-old girl named Nancy Lyon, who arrived in Harry's car with him, only to flee at the sight of waiting photographers.

"I congratulate you on your engagement!" Ann was reported to have said to Harry.

"Miss Lyon is a lovely girl, but I am much older. I'm not engaged to be married," Harry told the reporters nervously.

"I wouldn't say we are engaged," giggled Nancy, "and I wouldn't deny it, either. We are very, very good friends."

Nancy is the daughter of State Senator Lyon of California, and she is a beginner in pictures. Recently she signed a contract with Samuel Goldwyn to play in "The Kid From Spain" with Eddie Cantor, whose daughters are Nancy's school friends. She is a blonde.

"It's a press stunt," declares a close friend of Harry Bannister, huffily. "Sure, Harry knows Nancy, but there's nothing serious about their friendship. He took her to lunch at the Brown Derby once, which seems to be equivalent to announcing one's engagement in Hollywood. Nancy has got a lot of newspaper space refusing to deny the engagement, hasn't she? And 'The Kid From Spain' has always been mentioned too, hasn't it?



When Harry Bannister left for London, Nancy Lyon said: "I wouldn't say we are engaged—and I wouldn't deny it"

"And what can Harry do when a pretty lady won't deny that she's engaged to him except smile and let it ride—except when reporters get too insistent? But take it from me, it has all the earmarks of a press-agent stunt! They say the engagement can't be announced till his divorce is final. Say—Harry Bannister could marry legally tomorrow if he liked. A Reno divorce is final as soon as it's given."

On the other hand, Malibu residents say that Nancy Lyon and her parents were Harry's guests at several jolly week-end house parties just before he left for Europe, and point out that she and her mother occupied his beach cottage after his departure.

"Pooh!" says Harry's close friend, "I was with Harry, myself, the day before he flew East, and heard him call up Ann and offer her the cottage for the rest of the lease if she wanted it. He had had his little daughter, Jane, visiting him for two weeks and Jane was crazy about the beach. But evidently Ann refused, so he gave it to the Lyons. The lease had only a month to run anyhow."

There are only two people who know if Harry Bannister has chosen a comparatively unknown girl to be Mrs. Harry Bannister. Or, rather, there are three people. For Hollywood is willing to wager that Harry wouldn't dream of taking that step or any other important step without consulting Ann Harding!



If Harry Bannister plans to marry again, Ann Harding probably is aware of it. They still are very close friends

"MYSTERIOUS" BLONDE ENTERS CHAPLIN'S LIFE, AND IT LOOKS LIKE REAL ROMANCE

Paulette Goddard, Newcomer To Films, Wins Interest Of Famous Comedian And "Discoverer" Of Beauties—Affair Has Reached Stage Of Marriage Rumors

BY EVELYN DERR



Charlie Chaplin doesn't object to having his picture taken at an opening—not with Paulette Goddard

MRS. CUPID'S little boy, Dan, has again caught up with Charlie Chaplin, after pursuing the famous comedian all the way around the world. For Charlie has been appearing in public and at private dinner parties with a dazzling, willowy platinum blonde, a bit taller than he. And to make things more exciting, she is somewhat of a mystery. It is no mystery, though, that Charlie is quite stricken, if ardent glances and whispered words and tender handclasps mean anything. Those ol' marriage rumors have even popped up again.



From all appearances, the famous comedian has been bowled over by his "discovery" of Paulette Goddard, new platinum blonde

The name of Charlie's Latest Lady Friend is Paulette Goddard and she is playing at the moment in "The Kid from Spain" with Eddie Cantor. But though all the other beauties of the picture have photographs and biographies which the publicity department is more than delighted to hand out, Paulette appears to be shrouded in mystery. "We're told not to publicize her," it is politely hinted.

She is said to be twenty-one years old. Previous to the Goldwyn picture, Paulette worked for Hal Roach, the comedy producer. There is a rumor that she was formerly married, that she came to Hollywood directly from Reno, and that the glittering imported Hispano-Suiza she drives was given to her by her former husband. She is said to be "socially prominent" and is also said to be a New York showgirl, presumably—with her figure—in Ziegfeld shows. However that may be, she wears a pearl necklace with a diamond clasp to work, and appears at the studio in lounging pajamas trimmed with blue fox. Her platinum blonde hair is worn in a tightly-curled coiffure designed by Antoine of Paris. Charlie, it is said, drives to the studio almost daily to see her.

A Hollywood connoisseur, who requested anonymity for the sake of diplomacy, ventured this opinion about Paulette to the writer: "She is the most extravagantly-gowned, luxurious-looking girl in Hollywood. She has poise and charm, which so many Hollywood beauties haven't."

Recently it was reported by the tax assessor that Chaplin, the London slum boy, was the wealthiest of motion picture stars, having more than seven million dollars' worth of taxable securities—surely enough to support a wife. His fifty-room house in Beverly Hills is a lonely spot for the small gray-haired comedian, who seldom emerges into Hollywood society. Does marriage tempt him again?

ANN DVORAK AND HUSBAND "RUN AWAY" FROM HOLLYWOOD—WHY?

Leslie Fenton, Who Has Interrupted His Career Several Times To See Far Places, Suddenly Takes Bride Abroad—Ann Wanted More Salary



Acme

Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak, who didn't have time for a honeymoon when they married last February, pay a surprise visit to England—Ann gaily interrupting her sensational career

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

GARBO once threatened to go to Europe and interrupt her career unless studio executives agreed to the salary she asked—but Ann Dvorak, without any advance notice, did "run away" to Europe—with her husband, Leslie Fenton. Now Hollywood is trying to figure out why.

The feminine lead in Ronald Colman's new picture, "Cynara"—coveted by every actress in Hollywood—had just been given to her. Other big pictures awaited her. Her mother's fear at the time of her surprise wedding to Leslie Fenton, several years older than Ann, that the marriage might hurt her career seemed baseless. Ann seemed deliriously happy.

The first intimation the studio had that she had "run away" from Hollywood was a radiogram sent from the *S.S. Virginia*. "I'm off to New York, and then to Europe. Goodbye," it said in effect.

The rumor was broadcast in headlines that she had staged a walkout for more salary. It was reported that she was receiving $250 a week, under contract to Howard Hughes, while he was receiving $1000 a week from Warners for her services—and she thought she deserved a raise. She allowed this impression to stand on being interviewed in New York just before she and Leslie boarded the *Olympic* for England to visit his parents.



Fryer

At the time of her wedding, Ann gaily said, "My career is important, but there are other things in life! I want to go places—see things, travel!" And now Hollywood says "It's Leslie's doings. He has abandoned a promising career in the movies half a dozen times to travel to far places of the earth."

From Europe presently came messages from the runaway—unrepentant messages. In reply to urgent wires begging her to come back and save her career, Ann was reported to have cabled, laconically, "How many more options are they offering now?" A British picture concern sought her services for one picture. "And I can make it without any trouble with my own studio," Ann is reported as writing gleefully, "because Leslie is a British subject, so that makes me legally British, too."

If Hollywood's surmises are correct that Leslie Fenton's advice lay behind Ann's runaway trip to Europe (even her mother did not know that she had gone until Ann was far at sea), what was his object? Did he believe that by such bold methods he could elevate his lovely wife into immediate stardom, or did his love for her tremble at the rapid fame that threatened to come between them?

At an opening recently, Ann Dvorak turned away from the microphone saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I want to introduce to you, my husband, Leslie Fenton." Into the microphone Leslie spoke strange, sullen-sounding words, "I don't know why I'm here, or why Ann is here," he said in effect. "The credit for her performance in this picture should go to the director. You out there may know what this is all about—we don't."

Figure it out for yourself.

Meanwhile, Hollywood is expecting Warners to buy Ann's contract from Howard Hughes—if they have not done so already.

AFTER BUSTER KEATON GIVES YACHT TO WIFE, SHE SEEKS DIVORCE

Comedian intended costly boat to be "Peace Offering" to Natalie Talmadge, who, it seems, fears water—first cruise brings climax to couple's strained relations



Acme

Sisterly devotion: Constance Talmadge Netcher (left) helped her sister, Natalie, get her divorce

By JERRY BANNON

NATALIE TALMADGE, all these years, has let her sisters, Norma and Constance, have the headlines—but when she "rose up in her wrath," she proved capable of landing on the front pages, too. Newspaper editors weren't a bit more surprised, however, when she sued Buster Keaton for divorce, than Buster was, himself.

Several months ago, when Buster "kidnaped" their two sons (Joseph, 9, and Robert, 8) and took them on an airplane ride that she had expressly forbidden, she threatened drastic action. But Buster was successful, then, in "kidding away" her impulsive plans for separation or divorce. Laughing, herself, at the pictures of Buster and the boys waiting gloomily "for Mama to come home" and at "the whale oil lamp in the window to guide Mama home," Natalie said she supposed she would always "forgive" Buster for the "foolish" things he did.



Buster Keaton again tried to head off divorce by kidding. He said, "I don't mind losing the yacht, but I left my old ukulele on board, and I'd sort of like that"

Natalie's dread of the air led to their first break; another of Natalie's dreads cropped up to make the final crisis, say friends. She is even more afraid of the water than of the air—and Buster gave her a yacht.

Buster, who holds a certificate as a first-class marine engineer, has a passion for boats. He heard of a grand ninety-eight-foot yacht, which would comfortably accomodate twenty guests, as well as crew, going for a great bargain at Seattle. Without consulting his wife, he bought it (for $100,000, it is said) but—to conciliate Natalie—he named it *The Natalie* and made the title of it over to her as a "surprise" gift.

Was Natalie pleased with this husbandly munificence? It took considerable persuasion from friends to get her to meet Buster and the boat at San Francisco. Slightly appeased by the beauty of *The Natalie*, she consented, however, to the collection of a party of friends and a cruise to Catalina Island. There the weather was so rough, both nautically and domestically speaking, that Natalie apparently forgot her terror of airplanes in her greater terror of boats, and took her first air trip—flying home with her mother. Buster again tried to smooth over the trouble with humor. But Natalie, this time, went to court—and asked for divorce, on the grounds of mental cruelty. Her sister, Constance Talmadge Netcher, verified her testimony. And the fourteen-year-old marital voyage of the Keatons was all over. Because, say their friends, Buster gave Natalie a boat when she was afraid of water.



This is the yacht that Buster Keaton gave to his wife, after re-christening it *The Natalie*. It was sold a few days later

LINA BASQUETTE'S "LOVE" FOR JACK DEMPSEY WANES AFTER TRIP TO HOSPITAL

Actress, Who Had Supposedly Written Farewell Note To Ex-Champ And Then Swallowed "Poison," Is Found To Be Suffering From Onion Soup And Milk—Then Makes Up With Teddy Hayes, To Whom She Is Rumored Secretly Married



Has Lina been secretly wed to Teddy Hayes (above)? It's a rumor

LINA BASQUETTE landed in the headlines again with a bang when the newspapers had it that she swallowed "twenty-four tablets of poison" recently. Only the doctor at the receiving hospital where Lina was speeded in an ambulance said that the "poison" was just a bowl of soup together with a glass of milk!



Apparently the whole affair is a complete mystery to Teddy Hayes (her fiancé, though some reports have it that she is already married to him) and Jack Dempsey, rumored to be the cause of it all. Before the brunette dancer did whatever she did, she allegedly left a note to Dempsey, protesting that she "could not go on" without him.

The Lina Basquette-Teddy Hayes-Jack Dempsey triangle has been intriguing Hollywood for some time. When Lina and her manager (Hayes) arrived on the Coast several months ago, they were said to be engaged. Then came the sensational Hayes announcement that Jack Dempsey (whose trainer Hayes used to be) had "stolen" his girl from him.

For two months Jack and Lina were seen together constantly, and had even essayed a personal appearance together. Then she "fainted" in the middle of their dancing act in an Oakland theatre. It was supposed that she and Jack had been quarreling before the faint.

A week passed, and one afternoon she appeared on the Paramount lot with Teddy Hayes, who was working in "Madison Square Garden," and told friends, "Teddy and I have patched everything up. We are engaged again."

That night, it seems, Lina and Teddy made the round of night-clubs. Teddy afterward intimated that Lina had been very blue because she believed her romance with Jack was at a finish. Teddy took Lina home, and a half-hour later called up to see how she was feeling. She told him she had taken poison. However, when the ambulance arrived, she protested this allegation and was ordering the emergency doctors out of the house when she "suddenly fell in a faint." From there on no one seems quite clear about what actually happened.

"Well, well, what shall I tell folks?" cried a young reporter for a local paper, pushing into the Georgia Street Receiving Hospital, where they had taken Lina from her apartment.

"Tell them I must have been crazy," murmured Lina, looking wan and distraught and beautiful. If, as claimed, she had taken twenty-four poison tablets, she would have been dying—but the young reporter could have sworn that she was enjoying herself. And a little later the doctor reported that to the best of his knowledge all that Lina had eaten was onion soup and milk.

"My mind is a blank as to what happened," Lina said, leaving the hospital. "Anyhow, I shall probably never dance again—unless I am hungry. And that isn't likely, because Teddy and I are going to get married."

If they do marry, Hollywood believes that it will be the second wedding for the pair, since a couple named "Lena Copeland Baskett" and "Theodore T. Hayes" were married in Newark, New Jersey, last October.

"It couldn't have been us," Lina smiles, "I was conscious every moment I was East last fall. It was just two other people with the same names!"

Meanwhile, Hollywood is trying to decide whether the "triangle" has been real drama or a publicity stunt!

BY MADGE TENNANT

Lina Basquette had supposedly written a "farewell note" to Jack Dempsey, and then swallowed "poison." But doctors found she had eaten onion soup and milk!

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER AND WIFE PART—HOLLYWOOD PUZZLED

Bobbe Arnst, who gave up dancing career for Johnny, fights game, but losing battle to hold his love—Movie City in the dark about cause of sudden rift

By DORIS JANEWAY



Hurrell

Johnny seemed happily married until Hollywood happened to him

THE game battle that Bobbe Arnst has put up for almost a year to hold the affections of Johnny (*Tarzan*) Weissmuller seems to be at an end, and the plucky little dancer from Broadway is facing defeat!

Did Hollywood "get" Johnny, in spite of all Bobbe could do to keep him level-headed and sane in the face of his tremendous success in his first picture, "Tarzan"? Or are the insistent rumors of "another woman" the cause of the rift between them that followed immediately upon the heels of Johnny's return to Hollywood from a personal appearance tour in the East?

Almost in the face of the disaster of her marriage, Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller denied the newspaper hints of "trouble." With almost pathetic eagerness she exhibited telegrams and letters she had received from her husband, messages of love and affection that had come to her within as short a time as *two days* before his return to Hollywood. One of them was: "Am flying back to you. I love you."

Upon the receipt of a particularly affectionate message which she received practically on the eve of Johnny's arrival, Bobbe Arnst had sailed into the studio publicity department, happily exhibiting the telegram for one and all to see.

"Can't we get this printed?" she begged, "Maybe it will help stop some of those dreadful divorce rumors about us. Surely, if the public could see this wonderful message from Johnny it would be clear how foolish are these attempts on the part of Hollywood gossip to separate us!"



White

Johnny Weissmuller, away on tour, wired Bobbe Arnst, his dancer-wife: "I am flying back to you. I love you"—and three weeks later, he had moved from their apartment

In view of Bobbe's high-hearted stand, the gossip of divorce (immediately following Weissmuller's return to Hollywood) was puzzling, as well as pathetic. For the first few days Bobbe tried to laugh off his absence from their home by explaining that Johnny was "busy seeing his pals, the Olympic swimmers." One day they did appear at Johnny's studio together and it seemed to the onlookers that Bobbe Arnst almost eagerly kept her husband's hand in hers and slipped her tiny arm about his waist as they walked about the lot saying "Hello."

Then came the report that Johnny had moved to the Athletic Club, and the gossip that he had asked Bobbe to get a divorce from him! She was quoted as saying she could not understand his change of heart. One minute Johnny was so definitely hers . . . and the next he was asking for a divorce.

Hollywood, in attempting to ferret out the baffling mystery, has remembered that Weissmuller saw a great deal of Lupe Velez while in the East. But Lupe denies she might be the cause: "Johnny and Lupe are good friends. That is all."

Maybe old Hollywood must take the blame in breaking up this twenty-month-old marriage by too suddenly bestowing her favors upon Johnny for whom Bobbe gave up her dancing career "because he needed her."

ZIEGFELD REPORTED "BROKE" AT TIME OF SUDDEN DEATH

Hollywood Sees Sad Irony In Statement That The Great Showman And Discoverer Of Many Screen Stars Died Comparatively Poor—Billie Burke, His Widow, May Carry Out Plans He Had Made

BY JOAN STANDISH

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, the man who launched the careers of the fabulously wealthy Will Rogers and Marion Davies, and who started many famous beauties, including Billie Dove, Lilyan Tashman, Ina Claire, Virginia Bruce and others on their way to fame and fortune in his productions, died practically "broke", according to close associates.

The famed "glorifier of the American girl" had gone to California to convalesce from a siege of pneumonia and pleurisy, and to be near Billie Burke, his famous actress-wife, who was entering the talkies in "A Bill of Divorcement," co-starring with John Barrymore. A relapse, followed by a heart attack, brought the sudden end. The film colony was plunged into sincere grief for Billie Burke and their fifteen-year-old daughter, Patricia. But the real pity went to the memory of the great showman, who ended his days within the shadow of financial worry.

Ziegfeld made—and spent—millions in the days of his glory. He paid to the stars and entertainers of his shows the greatest salaries ever known on Broadway. Money, apparently, meant nothing to him. He knew little of the creed of saving against the rainy day. His extravagances were a source of gasping surprise to the rest of the world—and a fount of humorous anecdotes to Ziegfeld.







When Florenz Ziegfeld (right) died, the show still had to go on. His widow, Billie Burke, had to complete "A Bill of Divorcement," in which she co-stars with John Barrymore. She is being urged to carry on the business interests of her late great husband

He enjoyed the reputation of sending the longest and costliest telegrams in history. Once, from London he sent a cablegram to New York that cost fifteen hundred dollars. It is said that "Ziggy" never owned a suit of clothes for which he paid less than two hundred dollars. During a vacation in Monte Carlo, he once reputedly placed a quarter-of-a-million-dollar bet against one turn of the wheel—and lost. Until the last two or three years of his life he made his frequent transcontinental trips in his private car, surrounded by a retinue of servants, including a personal chef.

His shows, such as the long series of "Follies," "Show Boat," "Rio Rita," "Rosalie" and "Whoopee" were the most lavishly mounted and produced Broadway has ever known.

In any other man, Ziegfeld's free hand with money would have seemed a vulgar display, but with "Ziggy" it merely amounted to showmanship. It drew people into his theatres.

Is "the glory that was Ziegfeld" vanished forever? Business associates of the late producer are urging his widow to "carry on" in his stead. It is possible that she will. Already she has learned that "the show must go on." The picture on which she was working when he suddenly passed away, and on which a fortune had already been spent, had to be finished before she could sadly accompany her husband's body East.



Clara Bow

The most famous of all the red-heads has a new twinkle in those big brown eyes—one of determination, rather than playfulness. Missing from the screen for more than a year, she is coming back now to do some emotional acting, not to play a happy-go-lucky flapper. She still has her long bob, but she has some new "bangs." And while she is still the same Clara, she will reveal new talents in "Call Her Savage"—or her name isn't Mrs. Rex Bell. Clara, by the way, has an ambition to direct her husband in pictures!

Carsey



It's downright disillusioning, that's what it is. Here we've always thought that everything about Clive was English—but that dog is no English bull! Clive says he has been away from England so long he has forgotten what one looks like. And he's going to be away longer. He has just signed a new contract and acquired a new home. Look for him in "Cavalcade" and "Sherlock Holmes"

CLIVE BROOK



MARIAN NIXON

Marian seems to have gone to grass—but it's nix on all rumors about her becoming a grass widow. As Mrs. Edward Hillman, Jr., she does not need to work—but Eddie thoroughly approves of her return to the screen. And her success in her return makes the two of them as happy as the wire-haired terrier in Marian's arms. She goes modern with a vim in "Madison Square Garden"

The Lady Who's Known As Loy Again Casts The Mystic Spell Of The East



Hurrell

Myrna Loy, the screen's most exotic beauty, has a rôle ideally suited for her in "Thirteen Women," adapted from Tiffany Thayer's popular novel. Playing a Javanese half-caste she wields a sinister influence. That this girl from Montana is coming into her own is proved by the constant demand for her services. She no sooner completed "New Morals For Old" than she was rushed into the Chevalier picture, "Love Me Tonight." Her study of the Javanese takes you to far-off places—and you say to yourself, "I'm going East of Suez by the quickest boat." Just that old spell of the Loy coming over you again



Ray Jones

Although you'll see her soon in the serial, "Jungle Mystery," Cecelia Parker, golden haired beauty, reveals here, with the help of the arm chairs and her black lace undie, that there's no mystery about the fact that she is one of the screen's shapeliest debs. Cissy, as her friends occasionally call her, seems to go in for pictures with mystery titles. She was also the heroine in George O'Brien's "Mystery Ranch"



A Cheerful Little Chairful

THE DADDY OF THE BENNETTS

Here's where Connie and Joan get that knack for catching the spotlight—from their vivid father, Richard. He attracts spotlights, whether he is acting or not. He has forgotten more about acting than most actors will ever learn—which is why he steals so many pictures. Watch for him in "All the Evidence" and "The Lusitania Secret"

Dyar



Why ROBERT MONTGOMERY Wants To Go Back To The STAGE

Maybe you haven't even suspected it, but Bob has long had a suppressed desire to go back to Broadway—part of the time. And he's heading that way as soon as he can get there. The movies don't give him something that the stage does, and Bob is homesick for that certain something!

By MARY WHITING

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is reading stage plays these days. Reveling in them. Casting himself in the heroes' parts. There is a hungry look in his blue eyes when he speaks of the theatre, the look of an exile homesick for his native land. He says:

"I want to go back to the stage—part of the time. I'm going back, if they'll let me, for six months every year. I've got plans—you'll see.

"But in Hollywood they don't understand anyone's wanting to do something out of the ordinary. They'll think I'm trying to jack up my salary. Like Brian Aherne, who played *Robert Browning* with Katharine Cornell in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.' Almost every producer tried to sign him. Brian couldn't make them understand *he didn't want to act in the movies*. 'It's very kind of you,' he told them, 'but, you see, I feel I belong on the stage.' And they said, 'Well, well, then if that isn't enough, how much *will* you sign for?' And when he told them it wasn't a question of salary at all, they named a still higher figure. Finally, they stared at him aghast. 'But, my boy,' they protested, 'even the most successful stage players never make much money. Look at Miss Cornell—*she has to manage herself!*'

"When I try to arrange my picture contract so that I can play on the stage half the time, the Front Office will either say, 'He wants more money' or 'He's crazy.' And Hollywood will say, 'Aha, Bob Montgomery is slipping. His box office must be falling off.' But I don't care what they say or think. *I know myself.* Stage salaries would seem pretty thin after movie checks, but I'd find a backer and put on my own show and take a percentage of the receipts, and be happy.

Can't Wait Till He's Wealthy

"THE studios should encourage their players to go back to the theatre. Most of Broadway is in the

(*Continued on page 70*)

The "Love Divorce" of the CHEVALIERS

When Maurice Chevalier asked Yvonne Vallée for his freedom, it was unexpected. But when the couple lived together while waiting for the decree, and vowed they loved no one else—well, what do you make of that, Watson? Hollywood, wrinkling a perplexed brow, is still trying to figure out who or what caused the break!

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

HOLLYWOOD is being treated to a divorce done in the French manner, a divorce *tout à fait Parisien* (Completely Parisian), as Maurice Chevalier would put it. Who but the French could chant such a debonair duet as this?—recalling the time, five years ago, when Maurice and his wife did a brother-and-sister act on the stage:

Maurice: "Yvonne and I wish to be friends, but if we were married another two years we would be enemies—"

Yvonne: "Our love could not last under marriage ties, yet divorce does not mean complete separation—"

Chorus: "Why shouldn't we live together while we're waiting for the divorce?"

One fancies them finishing with a triumphant twirl, and racing to the wings, with Maurice waving his straw hat at the audience.



Yvonne Vallée and Maurice Chevalier fell in love soon after the War—and they claim that they're still in love with each other, and that divorce will help them stay that way. Hollywood believes that Maurice's changing to American ways, while Yvonne remained Parisian, led to the break

Even the romance necessary to the musical comedy atmosphere of the divorce was supplied when Mistinguette, the famous French dancer, who first "discovered" Chevalier and once was infatuated with him, came forward to intercede with Maurice on behalf of the woman who followed her in his affections! (Cue for pink spotlight and spotlight and throbbing violins). And the wife who was being sued for divorce on grounds of "incompatibility," added the pathos the French adore by seeing that Maurice's "dream cottage" on the Riviera was in readiness for him, engaging servants and making sure that everything was planned for his comfort.

"He is my ideal," she declared, sentimentally. "My one thought is for his happiness!"

Oo-la-la! And again, Mon Dieu! To the suggestion that Marlene Dietrich, with whom Chevalier has been carrying on an ardent friendship, is the Other Lady of the piece, all three of them raised cries of protest, accompanied (one felt sure) by shrugs, outflung hands and lifted shoulders.

"Loves No One Else"

"MAURICE loves only one person—me!" declared Yvonne Vallée Chevalier angrily.

"I do not love anyone else and have no matrimonial plans," said Maurice. "All the world knows Marlene and I are the best of friends," he admitted, "but there is no thought of marriage between us."

"I admire him. I like him immensely," Marlene is quoted as saying to a studio friend, "but he does not appeal to me romantically at all. That could never be!"

Incidentally, after the Chevaliers are divorced, there still remains Rudolph Sieber, Marlene's husband. Then, too, what would Josef von Sternberg have to say about

losing his star? It was—Hollywood whispers—a quarrel between the German girl and her director that led her to seek Chevalier's companionship at the studio in the first place.

One thing is certain: the Chevalier divorce was not premeditated. Charles Boyer, who crossed the continent and ocean with Maurice on his recent trip, did not guess it. Chevalier's final statements to the American press were promises to bring his wife back with him in the Fall "to remain permanently," instead of making hurried trips from Paris to Hollywood, as she had this last year. And certainly Paramount executives had no inkling of such a thing, or they would have "broken" the story more in accord with the prejudices of Main Street. As it was, they must have read with cold horror of the happy assertion of the about-to-be divorced wife of their greatest star: "Whether we are divorced or not, it will all be the same. We are getting divorced only to keep our old friendship." Would Americans understand such a viewpoint?

"They're *French*," mumbles executives, mopping streaming brows and laughing hollowly. "People look at things differently over there—ha ha ha—"

Richee

Maurice Chevalier: "Marlene and I are the best of friends, but there is no thought of marriage between us"

Marlene Dietrich: "I like him immensely, but he does not appeal to me romantically at all. That could never be!"

Vowed Eternal Love

"TOUJOURS—L'Amour," wrote Yvonne on the snapshots of herself in a hospital bed, mailed to

(*Continued on page* 58)

Bing Crosby Broadcasts the Date of His Surrender

He may be a big radio and movie name today, but Mrs. Crosby's little boy, Bing, isn't kidding himself. He gives himself just two more years of fame as The Voice With the Love Call. And what is he going to do then? Girls, you'd be surprised!

By Nancy Pryor

HAVE you ever stopped to think what a chap like Bing Crosby plans to do with his life when he's no longer busy crooning croons? Possibly a night-club, for a little while—for as long as the hang-over of his fame will keep the doors open? Personal appearances in neighborhood theatres in the same towns where he used to play the "first-run" houses? An occasional talking screen short? Or maybe (if these lilting lovers keep on coming in bunches) they'll erect an Old Crooners' Home where they'll just surrender, dear?

It must have been something of a strain on Bing Crosby, crooner *de luxe*, to talk to me about the time when he won't be the Maidens' Rave. The Voice With The Love Call has never soared higher than at the present moment. It is said that his financial octave has extended (counting vaudeville, motion pictures and the radio) to the high G's—something like $10,000 weekly. Thirty-five hundred of that has been coming from the Paramount organization for his presence and his voice, of course, in "The Big Broadcast." And when you're sitting that pretty, it *must* be a strain on any crooner to stop and try to think of what he may want to do when the sitting is less comfortable.

"Years and years from now," I said to Bing, "when there's not even One More Chance, what are you planning to do with the rest of a Crooner's life?"

He said: "What do you mean 'years and years'? There's not that much time. You know what I think? I think Bing Crosby has about two more years—two good years to make hay while the sun shines—and then. . . ."



Above: Bing paints a vocal picture of "When the blue of the night meets the gold of the day"

Above: Bing sings, with gestures, "I Surrender, Dear"—which, by the way, is just a song to Bing, not a philosophy

Left: in the manner of Al Jolson pleading for his M-M-Mammy, Bing begs "Just One More Chance" for "The Big Broadcast"

Richee

Not Being Super Modest

HE didn't say it cynically. He just said it. As a simple, undeniable fact—just like that. Just as he might have said: 'In six months I'm going to Europe' or 'In a couple of hours I will be eating my dinner.' Instead, he said: "In two years I'll be through." In someone else this might have passed for that affliction so well known to interviewers who have been exposed to "publicity modesty." But with Bing it rang true. It was merely the observation of a good business man who is looking ahead and counting the remaining

(*Continued on page 62*)



GLORIA STUART

It isn't often that studios fight over a girl to sign her, but when she comes endowed with histrionic training (yeah, she studied to become an actress) and with a social background, to boot, to say nothing of youth and beauty, well, the studio bigwigs simply surrendered. And so will you when you see Gloria in "Back Street." She did so well by that one, that they gave her "Air Mail" to carry home



There isn't much that gets past those shrewd eyes. And take it from us, it's no accident that Jack's popularity, year after year, doesn't fade a bit. He deliberately set out to be "a man's actor" —a chap who went in for action, more than emotion. Love creeps in, movies being what they are, but action is the thing with Jack. Having finished "War Correspondent," he's now deep in "Polo"

JACK HOLT



MARION DAVIES

Marion has put on an extra-high hat—all for Auld Lang Syne. (It wouldn't be like Marion to wear one for any other reason.) It's the kind of millinery that Ziegfeld beauties used to wear and get away with—and then become movie stars. Looking younger than ever, Marion is bringing back those glamorous days in "Blondie of the Follies"—in which she glorifies the show that glorified her



Lippman

ANN DVORAK AND DAVID MANNERS

To spoon while you croon is a privilege that's denied to the professional throaty warblers (ask Rudy and Bing and Russ—they know) but when the opportunity presents itself 'tween scenes on a movie set, David Manners is not the type to pass it up—not when Ann Dvorak is within spooning distance. This movie couple, having finished "Crooner," is separated now. Come home Ann!



WARNING:
PRIVATE BEACH
NO TRESPASSING
CONSTANCE BENNETT

When Constance Bennett goes in for anything, you can trust her to do it with a BANG! Her Santa Monica Beach house is no exception. It has all the swank and comforts of her town house. Not only the awnings and the beach chairs, with their ducky sunshades, are brightly colored, but Connie has several gayly-striped beach robes. When she's not working on her new picture, "Rock-a-bye", you'll find her resting in her sandy backyard. Like the hairdress?



JOAN MARSH

One of the most striking personalities of Hollywood's Younger Set, Joan Marsh is the type whose irresistible charms are causing Hopeful Hearts to beat faster. She's a cure for the most stubborn case of astigmatism. Joan may be married soon (not Jimmy Dunn) to some young "heart-case," but meanwhile she hopes some Front Office will rush her and give her a part like she had in "Bachelor Affairs." Those provocative eyes and hair and smile just can't be wrong

Hurrell

There's a Wedding ahead for TALLULAH BANKHEAD!



Dyar

After Garbo, she is the most famous "bachelor girl" in the movies—but it won't be always thus, predicts Clifford W. Cheasley, the noted Numerologist. He even indicates when her happy marriage is likely to occur, and adds that Numerology reveals that Tallulah may temporarily return to the stage next year!

By CLIFFORD W. CHEASLEY

With this issue, MOVIE CLASSIC inaugurates a new, exclusive series of character analyses of the stars—as a sequel to the recent series by Louise Rice, the noted graphologist, who has told you what their handwriting reveals about the stars. Clifford W. Cheasley, author of this new series, is world-famous as a Numerologist. He will tell you what Numerology reveals about the stars' inner selves—*from their names and birth dates.*

—Editor.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD—the source of her name is the Tallulah Falls: cool waters flowing in graceful cascades in the heart of the warm South. Figured according to the science of Numerology, which measures character, temperament and opportunity as the yardstick measures cloth, her name sends out numerical vibrations which sound "the spirit and meaning"

(*Continued on page 68*)

General Forecast for October, 1932

The value of this month in business conditions and in national and international affairs will depend largely upon the really definite phases of settlement and adjustment begun in September. April, June and August have been the important months for the new efforts at stabilization, but July and September were better months for the public to see practical results of these efforts. During October, there will be strong indications of a new order of government being prepared, but the principal result of this in relation to economic conditions will be to prolong a reaction in the public mind based upon fear and caution. Speculative markets will continue the activity seen in August, but the real issues of this month both here and abroad will not be made known to the public until November.

Readers will do well to adopt the success psychology for this month in relation to their own thinking and acting. There will be delays; it is an easy month in which to argue and fight. But two-thirds of the things that look as if they might mean trouble will be dispelled in the last week of the month. Therefore, hold on to your "hunch," and avoid argument, worry and anxiety.

Cheasley

HOW TO GET A GENERAL NUMBERSCOPE OF YOUR OWN



For your general Numberscope, which will outline briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work, send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

They Asked Him to *Kiss* Joan Crawford and Robert Young *Blushed!*



Hurrell

Bob says he has an inferiority complex "big enough for an elephant." He loses it when he starts acting—except in love scenes. "Then it gets worse than ever." For—believe it or not—this juvenile sensation thinks he doesn't have any sex appeal and arouses only mother love!

BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

WORRYING about lack of sex appeal isn't what keeps most Hollywood stars awake at night. Helen Hayes is the only actress who has been known to admit that not having much of it has given her some uneasy moments. Now along comes a young actor who is fit to be tied because he doesn't reek with physical lure like Valentino and Gable and Weissmuller.

Maybe environment had something to do with it, for Robert Young and Helen Hayes made their screen débuts together as the mother and son in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Anyway, Bob worries and worries—in spite of the fact that he has risen sensationally and is being boomed for stardom.

"They tell me I have no more sex appeal than an oyster," he blurted out. "Absolutely none. They admit I have a certain boyish charm, but no sex appeal whatsoever. I'm trying desperately to think of some way to develop it. They've all hinted that I should take drastic measures, though there have been no outright complaints from the Front Office."

Bob was half-kidding and half-genuinely-worried as he discussed this most frightful calamity that could befall a young actor. What to do, what to do!

"Soon they'll be suggesting that you go out and have an Affair for the sake of your art, as they always do to the sexless ingénues," I said.

"Yes, they've already delicately hinted at that," he sighed, and furrowed his brow still deeper, "but I'm afraid that's not it. I fall in love every two days, and get terribly worked up about girls. But when I do a scene for the screen, there's something in me that prevents me from becoming so familiar with strange people who aren't really in love with me. Even though I throw myself into it and give my all and act as torrid as possible, there's still some indefinable barrier that shows through.

"I can go through the motions, but the camera catches my inward feeling of restraint and embarrassment, and I look absolutely wooden in a love scene. Directors are always saying to me, 'Don't kiss her as if you thought she was poisonous!'"

(Continued on page 72)

To keep the supple softness . . .
the yielding firmness of a youthful skin

this much **OLIVE OIL** goes into every cake of Palmolive

Use this soap rich in olive oil . . . twice a day . . . as experts advise. See how skin returns to the yielding softness of youth.

THERE is a very easy, very inexpensive way to protect the youth of your skin . . . to bring back the loveliness you may think you are losing as you grow older. Olive oil is the answer. Even before baby's first bath comes an olive oil rub. And to keep skin soft, supple, smooth, experts insist that no beauty treatment known can compare with olive oil.

A real beauty soap must have a known beauty ingredient. Olive oil is Palmolive's ingredient. The test tube shows the exact amount we put into every cake.

Tonight—start the Palmolive way to a soft, youthfully firm skin. And remember—skin does not mean just face and neck—you must bathe in these rich, youth giving suds. Then watch—confidently—expectantly for the skin you desire. Smooth, lovely firmness that tells the world you are young . . . young . . . young!





A smooth, firm, youthful skin rewards the woman who realizes the beauty-value of olive oil. Reproduced from an actual photograph, the test tube at the left shows you the amount of olive oil that goes into each 10c cake of Palmolive Soap.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Over 30!



Recent photograph by Preston Duncan

Screen Stars know how to KEEP the radiant charm of YOUTH . . . .

SCREEN STARS have no fear of birthdays! A woman can be charming at *any* age, they declare, if she knows how!

"I'm over thirty," says the fascinating Betty Compson, adored screen star. "And I don't mind admitting it in the least. No woman need fear the years ahead if she knows how to take care of her appearance."

And Anna Q. Nilsson agrees! "Keeping young isn't a matter of birthdays," says this exquisite star, whose recent return from Sweden caused thousands of fans to rejoice. "Stage and screen stars have learned how to *keep* their youthful charm."

What is the secret the lovely stars know? *Guard complexion*

Who would believe this lovely star is over 30! "Actresses *must* keep youthful charm," she says, "and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for some time—it certainly does wonders for the complexion."

LUX

but gloriously YOUNG



Recent photograph by Preston Duncan

beauty above everything else, they advise. Use Lux Toilet Soap, as we do!

On Broadway, as well as in Hollywood, this luxurious soap is the favorite complexion care. It is found in theater dressing rooms throughout the country.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap—so gentle, so beautifully *white* no other soap can rival it. It has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Surely *you* will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way!

■

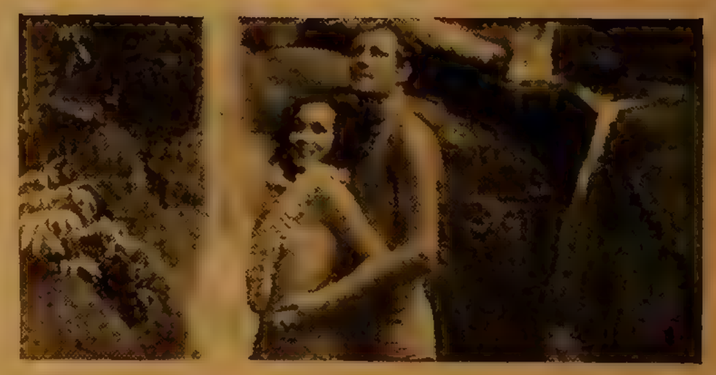
Over 30, and so amazingly youthful! "Keeping young is a matter of knowing how," says Anna Q. Nilsson, beloved star. "A smooth, clear complexion always says 'youth.' I discovered years ago that Lux Toilet Soap would keep my skin always at its very best."

Toilet Soap

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

BIRD OF PARADISE



Every movie has to have a love story—but "Bird of Paradise" is the first movie I have seen in a long, long while that is ALL love story. It is refreshing in its simplicity, in its glorification of those good, old primitive emotions, and its lack of weary sophistication. Its plot pattern is an old one, but it is woven in new, more vivid colors, now that the screen can talk. It is the tale of a white man and a brown girl—how they discover one another, how they defy the tabus of both their races to run away and live in an island paradise all their own, and how their love reaches its climax. Dolores Del Rio, gloriously brown, is also gloriously pagan as the girl; Joel McCrea is impulsively boyish as the outcast white man. The settings are the real thing—no imitations. And the ending isn't what you might expect. Joel *doesn't* forget the brown girl for a white girl. Fie on the censors!

BACK STREET



"Back Street," from the photographic pen of Fannie Hurst, is a love story of a far different sort—a story of a woman who Gives All, and gets precious little return on her investment. A kept woman, in other words—a woman in the "back street" of a man's life. But she is not the usual movie type; she is not a sexy gold-digger, but big-hearted and sensitive. Your sympathies are all for her, particularly with Irene Dunne playing the rôle and rising again to the heights she reached in "Cimarron." She devotes her lifetime to a man who wasn't willing to marry her, but needs her—more than he ever realizes, until it is too late. She is the kind of character that comes along once in a blue moon and wrenches your heart out. John Boles surpasses himself as the man who didn't know love when he saw it. Though surrounded by a large and noteworthy cast. Irene and John are, from beginning to end, the only characters that matter.

SKYSCRAPER SOULS



"Skyscraper Souls" started out with a good idea, but somewhere along the way it faded away into just another movie—a bit more entertaining than most. As in "Grand Hotel," there was a chance to present a panorama of life with one building as its setting; but the characters this time aren't the kind I'll remember from now until Christmas. The chief of them is Warren William, echoing his brilliant performance in "The Mouthpiece," except that now he is a sharp, woman-crazy banker, instead of a woman-crazy, shrewd lawyer. The story revolves around his suave villainies, both in finance and romance, climaxing in his final pay-off. Verree Teasdale, a newcomer from Broadway, almost steals the picture as his secretary. Maureen O'Sullivan, as a young stenographer who catches his eye, also does good work. The dialogue has pace, and the skyscraper crowds are vividly pictured.

AMERICAN MADNESS



The movies ought to be able to borrow millions, after the bankers get a look at "American Madness." For, in the dramatic person of Walter Huston, it glorifies the men to whom America trusts its savings accounts. This banker that Huston portrays is a two-fisted man of ideals, who is out to see that his depositors get a fair break, even if he, himself, is broken in the attempt. A robbery takes place, and in the hurricane of rumors that follow, the amount soars and soars—until finally there is a panic. This mob scene is tremendous, worth going miles to see—with Huston trying to stop the frenzied onrush of angry depositors. Even before Pat O'Brien, assistant cashier, discovers who committed the robbery, Huston has matters well in hand. Kay Johnson, as the banker's unfaithful wife, and Constance Cummings, as O'Brien's sweetheart, do well with stock rôles. But that mob scene—don't miss it.

HORSE FEATHERS



If you aren't exactly in your right mind—and you can't be after you watch the Four Mad Marxes for an hour—you're likely to laugh yourself into a straightjacket at "Horse Feathers." It is more than a riot of insanity; it is a pogrom, with college and football the victims. Groucho (he's the one with the mustache and the wisecracks) is the gay prexy of Huxley College; Chico (he has a furious Italian accent and plays the piano) is the college bootlegger; Harpo (does he need any identification?) is the village dog-catcher and blonde-catcher; and Zeppo (the youngster) is the lover of the college widow (Thelma Todd). The plot, such as there is, is as mad as their antics—and ends in a football game that is the zenith of tomfoolery. Groucho's puns are atrociously funny; Harpo's pantomime reaches a new peak in dizziness. If you can take your nonsense in big doses, I advise you not to miss this one.

MOVIE CRAZY



It's a long time between Harold Lloyd comedies, but when they arrive, they are worth shouting about. Especially his latest. No one—not even a gossip columnist—knows Hollywood and the studios better than Harold, and he apparently had the time of his life in making this comedy about the old home-town. Don't get the wrong impression, however. He doesn't make fun of the place where movies are made; he lets Hollywood keep all its glamour, but he does have his fun with some of the local customs. Like *Merton of the Movies*, he is a groping young man who has an urge to be a movie star. But, unlike *Merton*, he has persistence. Everything from the sublime to the ridiculous happens to him, but Harold comes through. His misadventures are devastating, Satanically amusing; he has never had any funnier. And, incidentally, he is more romantic than usual—with Constance Cummings as the girl in his life.



"My dentist and my purse suggest the same toothpaste"

Dad said we had to come down to earth—and meant it—so mother and I started to cut corners. Necessity brought me to my senses—in more ways than one. Fifty cents *did* seem a lot for toothpaste—even in boom times. I found Colgate's at a quarter cleans my teeth—if anything—better than ever—and it tastes better, too. And you should have heard the recommendation my dentist gave Colgate's. So here we are—saving a quarter—and a lot better off—because between you and me—I never did quite believe those extravagant claims some high-priced toothpastes make.

25¢

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.



ISABEL: Honestly, it spoils my game looking at my "dishpan hands"—



MONICA: Mine looked even worse when I was first married.

ISABEL: I can't believe it—yours are so *exquisite* now—so smooth and white.



MONICA: Thanks, darling!—All I did was to use Lux for my dishes. It's so quick—and positively miraculous for your hands.

WHAT IF YOU HAVEN'T A MAID

DON'T IMAGINE that women with exquisite hands always have maids to do their work.

Nowadays it's *much* more likely that they're cooking and washing dishes themselves. But they give their hands a very inexpensive, marvelous kind of beauty care . . . they wash dishes with Lux!

While the tiny Lux diamonds work speedily to leave dishes shining, they soothe and treasure your hands.

Ordinary soaps—cakes, powders or chips—often contain harmful alkali that reddens and coarsens hands. Lux has *no harmful alkali.* That's why it leaves your hands so softly white!

LUX *for dishes—soft white hands for less than 1¢ a day*



The "Love Divorce" of the Chevaliers

(*Continued from page 43*)

Maurice several months ago when she was ill in New York—snapshots that he carried in his pocket and took out proudly to show to friends, like any affectionate husband. And that inscription, in case you don't know, meant, "Always—Love."

Yet the walls of his dressing-room bore several sumptuous poses of Dietrich.

Chevalier has never been a talkative person, and went around little in Hollywood. Pickfair was almost the only movie home he visited. As a result, there is a singular dearth of people qualified to answer Hollywood's questions about Maurice. One of those questions is: Why has Maurice so far sacrificed gallantry to sue his wife instead of allowing himself to be sued?

He once mentioned to an interviewer his ardent desire for children to inherit his name and fortune, but after Madame Chevalier almost died once in childbirth, the doctors forbade her to risk motherhood again.

Another Hollywood question: Is it another case of Napoleon and Josephine; and, if so, who is Marie Louise? The name of a Parisian music hall actress has been suggested. Was that an attempt to shield another more famous star? What about Jeanette MacDonald or Irene Bordoni—if Marlene Dietrich is to be left out? What was Madame Chevalier's intended countersuit and why was it suddenly withdrawn?

We asked these questions of the one man still left in Hollywood who knows most about Chevalier's affairs, a man who wishes his name left out of the case.

"They were two French people—in America," this friend of Maurice Chevalier says. "That was what caused all the difficulty. In their own country, they might have been able to hold on to their happiness. They would have known better how to cope with circumstances. In Hollywood, there is only one way to meet a domestic crisis—divorce."

He Was Americanized; She Wasn't

THREE years ago, Maurice Chevalier and his wife were introduced to Hollywood at a big luncheon in the Roosevelt Hotel. Maurice acknowledged introductions with a pleasant little speech, in extremely broken English. His wife said a few gracious words in French. When Madame Chevalier went back to Paris a few months ago, she had mastered only a few phrases of our strange, barbaric language. When Maurice stepped aboard the transcontinental train in July, there was the barest trace of an accent in his fluent English. His tailoring was purest Hollywood; his shrug alone stamped him as "foreign."

In the three years of their life in America, Maurice Chevalier has adapted himself to the country and its ways. Madame Chevalier, who has followed his wishes—the wishes of a French bourgeois husband, who guards his household jealously from the world—has stayed at home, overseeing his household and has remained a Parisienne.

Neither one of them liked their new existence, far from their beloved boulevards, and their native Montmartre. Madame Chevalier, in particular, shrank from the brusque and blatant Hollywood life, almost with terror. But while Maurice was learning to be an American, Yvonne remained always the little French dancer of the *Casino de Paris* and the *Moulin Rouge*—in appearance, ways, speech.

"He began to be embarrassed for her and with her," the man who knows them well says, "She didn't fit into his new way of life. She was unhappy and restless, herself. She wanted to go back to her work, too—she was well-known to Paris as a singer and dancer. But change as much as he might outwardly, Maurice was too much the middle-class Frenchman to want his wife to have a public career.

The Paris-born romance that is now in the Paris divorce court dates back ten years to the days when Mistinguette had her youthful dancing protégé, Chevalier, freed by her influence from a German prison camp. Recovering from his wounds at the close of the war, Maurice became her partner in her famous revues. In the same company was a young dancer, Yvonne Vallée. Youth called to youth, and the two fell passionately in love; but in deference to the feelings of the music hall queen who, it is whispered, also had a fondness for Maurice, their marriage was delayed for five years—until Chevalier's theatrical association with Mistinguette was broken up. They had been married and entirely happy for two years, when Maurice was called to Hollywood and Fame.

What Led to Dietrich Rumors

FOR all of his screen fame as the gay, gallant, and slightly "naughtee" lover, Maurice Chevalier in Hollywood played the happily married man without so much as a whisper of gossip—until the rumor came that Marlene Dietrich had requested to play in a co-starring picture with the debonair Frenchman.

Since then Hollywood has become accustomed to seeing Maurice and Marlene lunching together in the studio cafeteria, the usually impassive countenance of the German girl vivid with smiles, the naturally saturnine Maurice neglecting his luncheon (as no good French bourgeois ever does) to talk to his companion. In company with Von Sternberg, Chevalier and Marlene have watched the wrestling matches together, and one day repeated the holds and postures of the ring with each other as sparring partners, for the amusement of a beach party. At the studio they visit each other's sets frequently.

Admitting the attraction of Marlene and Maurice, a studio acquaintance points out that its very openness proves that it is a harmless friendship.

"It was not Marlene or any other person that was responsible for the break between the Chevaliers," he avers. "It was a growing sense of difference in viewpoint. One of them has changed in this new environment; the other hasn't. More and more, Chevalier is becoming an American business man, but his wife is a Parisienne to her fingertips and always will be. She has spent much time in her own country this last year. Who knows why? Homesickness, perhaps. Perhaps to be with her mother, who is ill. Perhaps, as I hear, Maurice sent her away. They were quarreling more and more. And I think their love meant too much to each of them to have it tarnished by petty quarrels."

Possibly. But Hollywood wonders. If, after ten years of romance with Yvonne Vallée, Maurice Chevalier wants a divorce, Hollywood feels that it is just a matter of time before the headlines will announce a new romance story for Maurice. Will the heroine be Jeanette MacDonald, whom he kissed before a Paris audience on her personal appearance tour abroad last year, and who has played his screen sweetheart so successfully for many pictures? Will it be Marlene, possibly freed by another divorce, when she makes her trip to Germany this winter? Will it be one of his own countrywomen who can give him the heir he desires? Hollywood wonders.

With a skin naturally MOIST and LUSCIOUS

does LUPE VELEZ *need Creams—too?*

Hollywood dermatologist says "Yes". Advises her to preserve that firm skin roundness, so childish and so seductive . . . by using Woodbury's Creams.

•

Shiny cheeks look young, Lupe Velez believes. But a skin has to be immaculately clean and fine to dare to follow that fashion. Lupe Velez softens her skin with cream, washes it with soap and water, powders lavishly, but then rubs the powder off again . . . to give her face those youthful highlights.

•

If you have dry skin, you need creams, obviously. One application of Woodbury's COLD Cream on a rough, parched skin will show you at once how much your skin has hungered for those softening oils.

But Lupe Velez hasn't dry skin. Characteristic of her ardent southern type is her rich "plummy" complexion. Her skin never flakes or peels. It blooms like the lush flowers of a tropic night. Yet the dermatologist who guards the complexions of famous screen stars advises Lupe Velez to use Woodbury's Creams regularly. Because, he says:

"Underneath a baby's skin, a supporting layer of fat cells keeps the skin full and firm. When that cushion of fat falls away, the skin loses its rounded fullness and begins to sag and wrinkle. Exposure, poor circulation, the dry-heated air of our homes, low-calorie diets, all these tend to exhaust that youthful layer of fat beneath the skin. Even if your skin is not dry on the surface, use Woodbury's COLD Cream to replenish that deep, natural cushion of fat which keeps the skin firm and smooth. Woodbury's COLD Cream is excellent for this purpose, for its fine oils are readily taken up by the skin tissues.

"Woodbury's FACIAL Cream (used as powder base) spreads a film over the skin which protects it from exposure, prevents it from drying out, keeps choking dust and impurities out of the pores."

• • •

Give YOUR skin this same wise care . . . Woodbury's COLD Cream twice a day for softening and smoothing the skin . . . Woodbury's FACIAL Cream under powder before going out. Both on sale (with other Woodbury Scientific Aids to Loveliness) at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.



LUPE VELEZ . . . PHOTOGRAPHED IN HOLLYWOOD BY STEICHEN

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WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . Melts at skin temperature. Its fine oils soften and smooth the skin—50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

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WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM . . . The lightest and "meltiest" of creams. Penetrates deep into the pores—flushes the dirt to the surface. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . Refreshing—stimulating—refines texture. For normal and dry skins. 75¢ a bottle.

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For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp. Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

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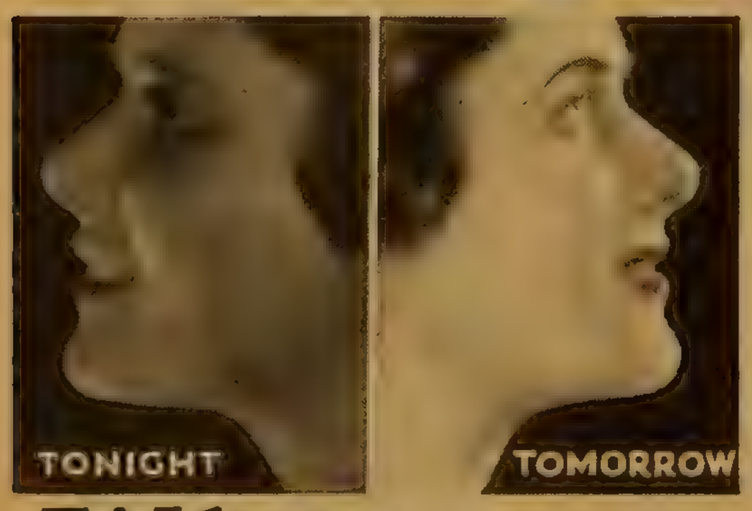
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I wished that I'd never been born.
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And now all my agony's gorn!
(Edithe Neubert, Harvey, Ill.)

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Hollywood's Secret Marriages (Who Can Tell?)

(*Continued from page 23*)

suspected of having already said their "I do's" to a minister. That's why the arguments are waging across the highball trays at Malibu and the luncheon tables of the Brown Derby. Is Lily Damita secretly married to broker Sidney Smith? Is Jeanette MacDonald married to her fiancé of five years, Robert Ritchie? Is Gwili Andre married? Is Lina Basquette secretly married to Teddy Hayes?

In one case, Hollywood is certain that a well-known screen star is married to her constant escort, simply because of the sincere, hearty manner in which she has slapped the gentleman's face—a gesture, observers have concluded, that could not be other than wifely.

On another occasion a Beverly Hills matron asserted that she was positive a young couple were secretly married. Didn't they, she demanded, have dinner together every night, sometimes never addressing a word to one another and in general acting so very bored that the wedding bells *must* have rung?

Until relentless questioning by interested friends, gossips and reporters finally wears down the suspects of secret marriages, Hollywood has nothing but rumor to judge by. In the meantime MOVIE CLASSIC presents the arguments as they stand at the moment, *pro* and *con*. Look them over and decide for yourself!

What About Lina and Gwili?

IS Lina Basquette really married to Teddy Hayes?

Pro: Lina's affairs have been so widely publicized in the newspapers that almost everyone is familiar with the arguments. It is amusing, however, that a marriage occurred in Newark, New Jersey, between one Lena Copeland Baskett and a certain Theodore T. Hayes on October 14, 1931. Lina and Teddy were both present in the East at that time, and the address the bride gave at the ceremony was the hotel where Lina stopped. The witnesses of the marriage were unable to identify pictures of Miss Basquette, but said the bride had been a "very pretty, dark-haired girl."

Con: Despite this, Lina denies most vehemently that she ever married Teddy Hayes, and Hollywood is wondering whether such a curious "coincidence" is really possible. Lina protests, "It was someone else of the same name!" and Teddy Hayes joins her in asserting, "Lina and I were not the persons who took out the license. This thing is going too far!"

Is Gwili Andre secretly married to an unnamed man?

Pro: Three years ago, the story goes, the beautiful new Danish starlet was married during a brief visit in Washington, to a gentleman in the diplomatic service. Apparently Gwili did not see her husband—if he exists—after that short stay in the Capital, though a close Follies-girl friend of Gwili says there has been no divorce.

The *pros* find it particularly hard to offer substantial proofs in Gwili's case, because so little is known of her past life that she is fast becoming the foremost mystery girl of Hollywood. No one suspected until just the other day, for instance, that she had ever been to Hollywood before, but now we learn that she visited the film colony two years ago, under contract to Joseph Schenck. The producer later bought back her contract, and Gwili, so far as is known, did not appear on the screen at that time.

Con: The fact that no one has come forward with the Washington diplomat's name would tend to put this marriage story into the realm of wild rumor. In addition, Gwili is understood to be "engaged" to the rich New York broker who is her constant companion in Hollywood.

Is Jeanette "Mrs. Ritchie?"

IS Jeanette MacDonald secretly married to Robert Ritchie?

Pro: This couple has been engaged for five years, which is considerably longer than some Hollywood marriages last. Mr. Ritchie traveled through Europe with Jeanette and her mother, and lives with them in Hollywood—a much closer association than is usually considered conventional for a merely "engaged" couple, even when the fiancé is the fiancée's business manager.

Further, Jeanette is said to have forbidden Robert to attempt a career in pictures, as if she thought one star in the family were plenty! Would a mere fiancée, the *pros* demand, dare assert such authority? And a final fillip is added to the argument by a close friend of Jeanette, who firmly believes they are married simply because their attitude toward one another is "too, too domestic!"

Con: Jeanette has admitted many times her fear that marriage would wreck her career, and she is known to be one of the most ambitious actresses in Hollywood. She says, herself, "If I ever married Robert Ritchie, it must have been in my sleep. I know nothing about it!"

On one occasion, a reporter visited her to ask for a statement about her marriage. He had, he said, definite proofs that a wedding had occurred. The *pros* who expected Jeanette to lose her poise when confronted with this man were mistaken. She laughed in his face. "If you have such excellent proofs, why don't you print them!"

That ended the incident, for the "proofs," whatever they were, never appeared in print, and Jeanette's fearless attitude in the matter is the *cons*' strongest argument.

What About Lily and Aileen?

IS Lily Damita married to Sidney Smith?

This is another of those long-time engagements, the *pros* assert, and it was in connection with this couple that the face-slapping episode allegedly took place. According to a bell-boy at a California resort hotel where Lily and Sidney visited, "If you'd seen Lily slap Sidney's face," he said, with awe, "you'd agree that they sure *act* married!"

On the other hand, they still appear to be very much in love, and that in itself argues against a marriage, say cynical *cons*. Just a few weeks ago Sidney gave Lily a beautiful birthday party, and husbands, notoriously, are forgetful of such occasions!

IS Aileen Pringle married to Matt Moore?

The *pros* have suspected a marriage between this pair ever since Aileen wrote to Mexico for one of those mail-order divorces from her husband of eight years, Charles Pringle. Matt, they insist, visits Aileen's house for dinner almost every night in a highly domestic manner.

Aileen herself takes the *con* side of it. "Matt and I are such old friends that I call on him when I haven't any other escort," she says. "He dines with me when his cook is out. We're just pals."

Then she weakens her own argument by adding, "We see each other when we've nothing really amusing to do!" For that, in itself, suggests the attitude of a Hollywood married couple, doesn't it?

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There is no other pad like it!

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Bing Crosby Broadcasts the Date of His Surrender

(*Continued from page 44*)

span of the golden harvest. After a fashion, I've known Bing a great deal longer than he has known me. Two years ago, I was one of those addicted to the Cocoanut Grove for as many nights out of the week as I could get there to listen to the blue-eyed, casual young man known as Bing Crosby. This was before he was a big shot among the Big Broadcasters, one of the crooning headliners along with Rudy Vallee and Russ Columbo. But even then, at the time when he was just another popular café singer in Los Angeles, a great many women who were old enough to know better were attempting to gaze dreamily into Bing's eyes as they floated past the orchestra dais. He never seemed to see any of them.

He would sing "I Surrender, Dear" and "Just One More Chance" with a throb in his voice guaranteed to send shivers down feminine backs—yet in a wholly impersonal way. You got the idea that, so far as Bing was concerned, the surrender was a long way off . . . somewhere on ice . . . even if it didn't sound that way.

Often ladies desirous of making his acquaintance would send for him to come to their tables. He never accepted. He was usually found between dances smoking in solitary aloofness on the moonlit veranda that adjoined the Grove. Or else he was feverishly consuming buckets of ice water in the hope of quenching a hangover. Before Dixie Lee, the little blonde actress, came into his life, Bing often managed to acquire a hangover as often as twice a night. But I can vouch for this—he never got it from sipping the contents of beautiful and strange ladies' flasks. Bing carried his own. But that's an old story—Bing's drinking and his reform through Dixie—told too often, and perhaps over-emphasized in the telling. "No one could have drunk as much as they say I did," sighed Bing. "Not even a Crosby."

Where You'll Find Him Then

THOUGH I was more or less prepared for Bing's impersonal attitude toward women and night life and cafés, I hadn't exactly thought that he might also be impersonal about himself. Crooners aren't supposed to be. But if Bing really believes what he told me that day at lunch in the Paramount café, with Marlene Dietrich and von Sternberg on one side of us, and Fredric March on the other, then he's giving Bing Crosby just two more years and then . . . .

He is going to operate a fish cannery!

"My father-in-law is already in the business down near Long Beach," he went on in that husky voice that is his singing voice, "and I'm buying in my interest this year, though I doubt if I'll be able to take over my responsibilities actively for two more years. I figure I've got just about that much time before they begin to get tired of me. Talk about a career in the movies being short—it is long-lived compared to a radio career. It isn't anybody's fault. They just get tired of you. Or else someone with another way of singing comes along and they forget all about you in the rush to the new sensation. I'm not kidding myself about that.

"And when that time comes, I want to be started in some sort of legitimate business where I can go on for years and years and people won't get tired." He grinned. "Did you ever hear of an old tired salmon-eater or tuna-fish-eater? Of course, not everybody likes canned fish, just as everybody doesn't go for baritones, but there are enough people who do like it, permanently, to keep a good cannery going.

Not Kidding Himself

"WHEN I'm through, I'm going to be really through, too. No hanging on as a second best in night-clubs or picture shorts. I'm making a big salary from Paramount now, but they are paying it to me as a singer, not as an actor. It wouldn't make much difference if I accidentally turned out to be the best actor in the world—I doubt if I should ever become a big movie star. How many men can you name who have stepped out of some profession in which they have established themselves into similar fame in another?

"You may read the articles written by Gene Tunney—but he's still the ex-champ, not a writer. It works the other way, too. John Barrymore might just happen to be a very fair boxer, but that's not his real game. It's the same with me: I'm a singer. They've been kind enough to say over here that they are very pleased with my performance as an actor in 'The Big Broadcast.' That's because they hadn't expected anything. Something tells me that my career as a movie star will last just so long as I can croon—not act!

"As for starting a little Bing Crosby Club, that's out, too. You couldn't drag me back into a café for love nor money. It's a terrible life. You work when other people are playing, and you have to sleep while they are working. I'm married now and I don't want to drag any girl through that kind of life. Dixie and I are happy, and I'm not going to take any foolish chances with that happiness.

"We're living in the house next to Sue Carol and Nick Stuart and their baby now, and I'd like to buy it. You couldn't pay me a salary to live in New York—not for good. When good old Crosby is all washed up on Broadway, he and the little woman are heading right back where they started from . . . California."

But all this is two years away, and in the meantime Sweet Sixteen is bursting an eardrum, catching every word that flows from the Crosby throat via the radio, phonograph and screen. Until I mentioned it to him, Bing said he had never given it a thought that his "surrendering" might be having an Influence on the morals of young America. He regards the "torch songs" (ditties bewailing unrequited love, or a surrendering grand passion) as merely a fad.

When you paint a picture of a young lady, snug in the arms of her favorite beau, palpitating in a light-dimmed room to the rhythm of a Crosby melody, Bing says:

"Music has always been a sort of background for romance, but the songs we sing now are no more of a menace to morals than the songs of any other day or time. It just happens that torch songs are enjoying a flurry of popularity. They are particularly adaptable to the crooning type of singing. I believe Rudy Vallee started it; certainly he popularized it." (Rudy and Bing are supposed to be rivals. But they frequently meet in New York, and they seem to hold a mutual esteem for each other.) "Torch-songs certainly aren't any more of an influence on the Impressionables than are the new books, the new plays or the new movies. The young folks aren't reading 'Elsie Dinsmore' or 'Little Women' any more, either. Times get along—each time with its own romance motif."

And in the meantime, Bing, the one and only Crosby, is very grateful for your kind attention. 'Tis a contributing factor to the Fish Factory, which may not be particularly romantic, but may prove to be the future career of the Big Broadcaster of today.

"To be sure of good light at low cost

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"IF EVERY WOMAN would remember that the *only* reason she buys lamps is to get light, only lamps that give *all* the light possible at the lowest cost would be used.

"Many people fail to realize that the true cost of light is the cost of the lamps *plus* the cost of current. If you pay for current that is wasted, instead of being turned into light, you are using the most expensive lamp made, no matter how little you paid for it.

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"Her great-great-grandmother's?
How'd she dare wash it?"

"IVORY SNOW, silly!
That's as gentle as the
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No soap spots to strain cobwebby threads —with IVORY SNOW. Fine, sheer fabrics need delicate handling. If a flake of soap flattens into the mesh, it takes rubbing to rinse it out and if it dries in, it makes a stiff, brittle spot where the threads break easily. That is why Ivory Snow is so safe for washing precious laces, trousseau lingerie, fine woolens, sheer silk stockings. Ivory Snow has no flat particles that can cling and make soap spots! Instead of being cut into flat flakes, it is BLOWN. Each particle is soft and *round*, so that it melts even in *lukewarm* water like snow itself.

Instant suds without using hot water. No danger of plunging your fine things by mistake into too-hot suds when you use Ivory Snow! For with Ivory Snow you can *start* with safe, LUKEWARM water. In an instant you'll get thoroughly dissolved suds that won't redden your hands . . . that will be gentle to fabrics and colors . . . that will rinse quickly and clearly away.

PURE as the babies' bath soap. Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap. Where can you find as safe a soap for costly fineries as Ivory, which doctors advise for a baby's tender skin? Be economical. Get Ivory Snow from your grocer and take care of all your good things with this pure soap. The big box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢.

99 44/100 % PURE

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 20*)

NOT since the good old days of silent pictures have the studios been so overrun with visitors and star gazers. During the Olympic Games the studios decided to be lenient and permit the guests from all over the world to get a peek at what goes on around the various lots. Of course it was necessary to have credentials to gain admittance. The visiting athletic teams were particularly welcome and were well entertained by the studios.

As usual, when visitors in large numbers are permitted on stages a great deal of damage was done. On the Eddie Lowe set at Fox someone knocked over a lamp valued at $400. At Paramount, Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper were run through their paces in a very emotional scene in "A Farewell to Arms" in front of an audience of visitors who were shucking and eating peanuts!

HOLLYWOOD still hasn't recovered from the shock of the change that came over Garbo as she neared her native Sweden. She permitted a young American poet, named Philip Cummings, to share her society—and even to laugh with her. And when her boat docked at Gothenberg, she was so excited that she actually summoned reporters to her! She told them—with a smile—that she was not afraid of reporters (even though she did run from them in New York last winter), but she was just tired of being written about so much. She added that she was not returning to America in the near future, and denied that she had bought the country estate of the late Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish "match king." She said that she could tell no one her future plans. But she will resume her screen career—in America. New York reporters, putting one over on Hollywood, got her to admit it before she sailed.

KING VIDOR was noticed riding down toward the beach the other night in a brand-new roadster. There was a very pretty girl beside him. Eleanor Boardman Vidor, King's estranged wife, was week-ending at the beach at the home of friends. But I don't think that house was the destination of the roadster moving so slowly through the romantic, moonlit night.

THE young daughter of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart has been named Carol Lee Stuart. The Carol is for Sue's last name and the Lee is in honor of Sue's best friend, Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby).

THE débutante daughter of Sue and Nick has only about forty days to her credit, but she packs plenty of her mother's cute personality.

The other day, Sue was holding a sort of "open house" in her hospital room. Sally Eilers and Marion Rogell had presented the proud "little mother" with a stunning lace spread for her bed. There were fourteen baskets of gorgeous flowers about, to say nothing of ten boxes of candy, and an entire table laden with wires and letters. In the midst of this array sat Sue, decked in the "latest thing" for new mothers . . . a pale peach satin gown with a pale green bed jacket. The radio was playing merrily and, what with Dixie Lee, Bing Crosby, Marion Rogell, Sally and Hoot Gibson, Marian Nixon, a couple of nurses and Sue's mother in attendance, the entire affair had sort of a Sunday party atmosphere.

(*Continued on page 67*)

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 12*)

FOR the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, Hollywood is all steamed up over the coming elections. Every star physically able to stamp a ballot expects to go to the polls, and they're in training now by reading all available political propaganda. Louis B. Mayer, high mogul of M-G-M, is a staunch Republican and a personal friend of Herbert Hoover. He'll do all he can to make his lot safe for the Republican party. We aren't mentioning any names but we know two or three M-G-M workers who are going to put on disguises and vote for FranklinRoosevelt.

THE busiest girl in Hollywood right now is Claudette Colbert. She's acting in two pictures at the same time, and every once in a while she has to pause and figure out her true identity. In "The Phantom President" she plays an aristocratic daughter of an ex-President. From that she rushes over to the DeMille set and plays *Poppaea*, the wicked empress in "The Sign of the Cross." In the latter opus she is called upon to do some of the fanciest luring since Theda Bara made the world unsafe for males during the primeval studio days when vampires were in flower.

AUTOGRAPH hunters around the movie village are becoming a more serious menace than swarms of locusts. They make life a living Hell for stars who venture out in public. Now the racketeers are taking a hand. The stars do not like to be ungracious in refusing a signature, but, of late, they have discovered their names signed to some strange documents.

One famous personage, much to his surprise, found that he had signed for the delivery of a grand piano. He already had *one* grand piano, and was that surprised to see another instrument being moved into his Beverly Hills home.

Regis Toomey was almost fooled the other day as he entered a Hollywood cafe. After he signed his name he happened to glance at the paper which this particular autograph hunter was trying to keep covered.

It was a blank check.

It's getting to a pretty pass when actresses try to end it all by soup.

Just imagine, Tottie Gumdrop, the screen beauty, getting despondent and calling Meadows, the faithful servitor—

"Meadows," she might say, "I feel another suicide attack coming on. Please open a can of split pea."

STORK rumors are still going full tilt. Blessed events are more fashionable in Hollywood than Rolls Royces. When the long-legged bird isn't actually hovering over Hollywood chimney-tops, the populace make up stories. Norma Shearer is very vehement in denying that more progeny is on the way to the Thalberg household. The story has been all over town that Norma will retire temporarily after "Smiling Through" is completed. Norma says she should know if anybody would—and it does sound reasonable, except to the gossips.

And Connie Bennett was caught knitting little baby things, and *that* story got started. It turned out that Connie was doing the knitting for sister Barbara's expected heir, but lots of folks aren't giving the Marquise the benefit of the doubt.

What puzzles us is what happened to that offspring Lilyan Tashman promised the world two years ago. It really isn't fair for Lil to get our hopes raised like that, and then not make good on her threat.

Science Throws New Light on Tooth Decay

Pain is nature's warning that teeth are diseased. The cause of pain is usually decay and an important cause of decay is the invisible film on teeth that science calls "Bacterial Plaque"



Contrast the attitude of savage at the left who files his teeth with that of the modern young woman who keeps her teeth white and beautiful through daily use of Pepsodent.

THE actual cause of the aching tooth is now believed to be due to gases, formed inside the tooth during the process of decay, that may or may not be visible to the dentist from the outside. These gases expand and press on the sensitive nerves of the teeth.

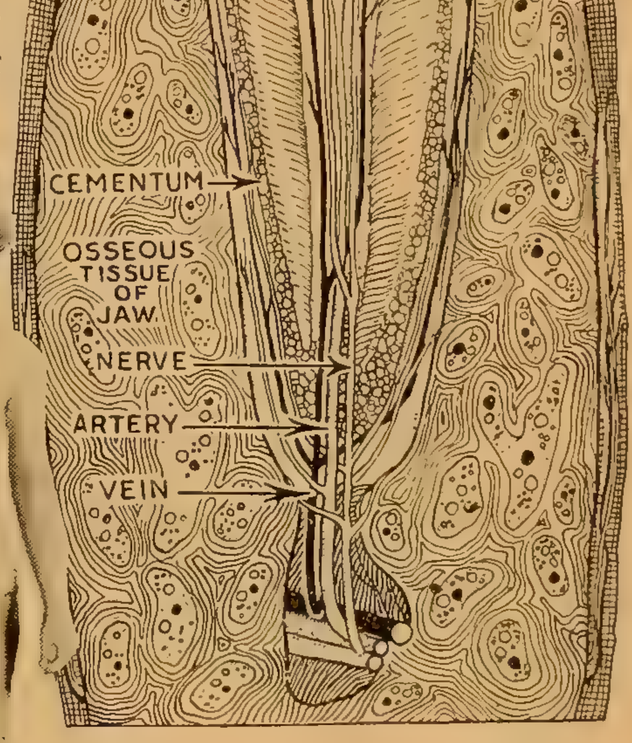
Dental science answers the question of what leads to tooth decay by saying that food particles have been permitted to remain and spoil between the teeth and under the gums. Germs, or bacteria, formed in and by this decaying food, make acids which attack the cement-like structure of the teeth and dissolve out the material which composes the enamel.



Modern children may well be expected to have far better teeth than their ancestors.

The germs that cause the decay-producing acids, have a friend in the film-coat, or mucin-plaque, which forms on teeth. This film glues the bacteria to the teeth, providing a sort of warm shelter for them and even supplies them with food to thrive on.

Removal of film has therefore become an important problem for dental science. One of the most notable discoveries in this field was made recently in the laboratories of the Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any toothpaste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the best toothpaste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would outrank others both in effectiveness and in safety required several years. The ablest scientific minds in the country were consulted repeatedly.



Cross-section of a tooth showing the intricate structure beneath the enamel.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste exclusively. Because it is twice as soft as the material most commonly used, Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. Today Pepsodent is known as the special "film-removing" toothpaste in 67 countries.



FREE! Amos 'n' Andy or Goldberg Jig-saw Puzzles

HERE are two great gifts for radio admirers of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs.

Each jig-saw puzzle contains 60 pieces, is printed on heavy board and brightly illustrated in colors. To get one simply write name and address on the inside of an empty Pepsodent Toothpaste or Pepsodent Antiseptic box and mail it with coupon below. Send one empty box for each puzzle and name the one you want.

USE THIS COUPON

Pepsodent Co., Box 1210
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

I enclose empty Pepsodent carton for which send me Jig-saw Puzzle of.....

Signed.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

The fragrant Linit Beauty Bath brings instant relief from warm weather discomfort



. . . and makes the skin feel soft, smooth and refreshed

JUST a handful or more of the new, perfumed Linit dissolved in a tub of tepid water transforms an ordinary bath into a fragrant refreshing luxury.

After bathing in this cooling, delightful bath . . . notice how soft and smooth your skin feels. Notice, too, that there is no damp, "sticky" feeling to your body.

The reason is that Linit leaves a fine, porous coating of powder on the skin. This invisible "layer" of Linit absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores, makes powdering unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness . . . Try a fragrant, refreshing Linit Beauty Bath tonight . . . you will be surprised that so simple a bath is so effective in instant results . . . and costs so little to enjoy.

The new, perfumed Linit is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores



THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Ruth Marries George and Everybody's Happy

(*Continued from page 15*)

"There's my man!" she is said to have cried. She didn't know his name then—but the casting director soon told her, and later introduced them. From then on, they were often together.

George used to visit at the home of the Forbes', and was Ralph's friend, too. (He had known Ralph's family in England.) One day, according to the same "insiders," he went to Ralph and told him quietly, "Ralph, I'll have to stop coming here. I can't come to your house again."

"Why, what's the matter, George?" asked Ralph. "Why can't you?"

"Because," said George, "I'm irrevocably in love with your wife."

Ralph Forbes shook George Brent's hand. "You're the first man who ever had the decency and straightness to admit that to me," he is quoted as saying, "though there have been a lot of men who were crazy about Ruth."

They still went around together, the three of them. When Ralph and Ruth were rehearsing Ralph's new play at Santa Barbara—a play with the prophetic title of "Let Us Divorce"—George often drove up to visit them. And if the "insiders" are still to be believed, one time George and Ruth were talking quietly in one corner of the hotel room, while Ralph was studying his lines in another corner. Ruth went over to Ralph and put her arms around him.

"Ralph, dear," she is quoted as saying, "you'll give me my divorce, won't you—so I can marry George? And you won't mind, will you—too much?"

Ralph went on studying. "Yes, yes," he is pictured as replying. "Certainly. But don't disturb me while I'm getting my lines."

A few weeks later, she and George finished working on "The Crash," and Ruth left for a vacation in Europe. Ralph, at the train to bid her farewell, risked his life in staying aboard too long for one last kiss; he jumped off with the train in motion. A few days later, he was in Nevada, establishing residence. Ruth was in Madrid, where she confirmed rumors of divorce. And George Brent, in Hollywood, discreetly hinted that as soon as Ruth was free, they would marry.

Rumors About Boyer First

A ROMANTIC triangle is supposed to affect no more than three people—the husband, the wife and the "other man." (Or it may be the wife, the husband, and the "other woman.") But no matter how the sexes run, three is the given number of characters in a drama of affections. In the divorce of Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes and the love story of Ruth and George Brent, however, *eight* very human, rather amazed people are to be numbered among the principals—in the most unusual love tangle that has ever come out of Hollywood.

The story of the Forbes-Chatterton-Brent triangle has been far-flung from the front pages of the press—but the other five individuals have had nothing to say. Their parts in the drama have been submerged.

Is the name Charles Boyer familiar to you? He is a young Frenchman. He is a close friend of Maurice Chevalier. He is also an angle in this many-angled romance. Last year, when it was so freely rumored that Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes were "having trouble" and that they were not living together, it was politely gossiped that, if there were a divorce, Ruth would probably become Mrs. Charles Boyer!

(*Continued on page 77*)

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 64*)

GENEVA MITCHELL, a former Follies girl, and Lowell Sherman are still very, very interested in each other. Saw them the other evening dining at an inconspicuous little café in Beverly Hills. After dinner they crossed the street and bought tickets to a neighborhood movie theatre. This romance is beginning to look like wedding bells to Hollywood.

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT says he is "broke." He insists he is so broke it is necessary to declare bankruptcy. He cannot pay the $19,250 alimony claim against him!

The well-known actor and his new bride are back in Hollywood visiting his mother. The alimony is owed to Elise Bartlett, his former wife. She declares she'll get every cent due her, regardless of his bankruptcy proceedings.

ANDY DEVINE, the whisper-voiced comedian, is just about ready to break down and admit that Alene Carroll is becoming a "big moment" in his life. Both Andy and Alene are under contract to Universal. They met on the lot several months ago and it was a case of "romance rumors" from the very first.

GILDA GRAY, the dancer, than whom there is no whomer when it comes to the shimmy, is another lady who is popularly supposed to be upset over George Brent's marriage to Ruth Chatterton. George was formerly Gilda's "boy-friend." But if the lady is carrying the torch, she certainly doesn't show it.

Louis Calhern is the latest admirer to pay court to Gilda. And, of course, there are those last-month's rumors that she was planning to marry a local café owner.

NORMA SHEARER keeps insisting that she is not expecting the long-legged bird to pay a second call to the Thalberg nursery, and the gossips keep whispering that it is so. Several months ago, Norma made the mistake of saying she would like to remain away from the screen for a year and rest and play and go to parties and travel. "A year away from the screen" has come to mean but one thing to Hollywood . . . but the old town is often mistaken.

BELIEVE it or not, but Malibu beach has gone very, very exclusive. There have been several protests from the movie beach colonists that there are too many photographers about and too many reporters looking for new romances. So they have tried to rule off the photographers and reporters!

DOROTHY MACKAILL and hubby, Neil Miller, are back in Hollywood after three months of a personal appearance tour. Dot says she had a grand time on the trip, but it was so strenuous that she lost eleven pounds. With her new, very slim figure, she was one of the most striking women present at the Cocoanut Grove, recently. She wore a flame-colored dress—a stunning contrast to her suntanned skin.

AS usual, at premières, the radio provided several intentional and unintentional laughs to the listeners-in. In the mêlée and grand rush of "Strange Interlude" Mary Pickford became confused and said:

Three Girls competed in this BEAUTY CONTEST and she who Won had a Lovely Skin

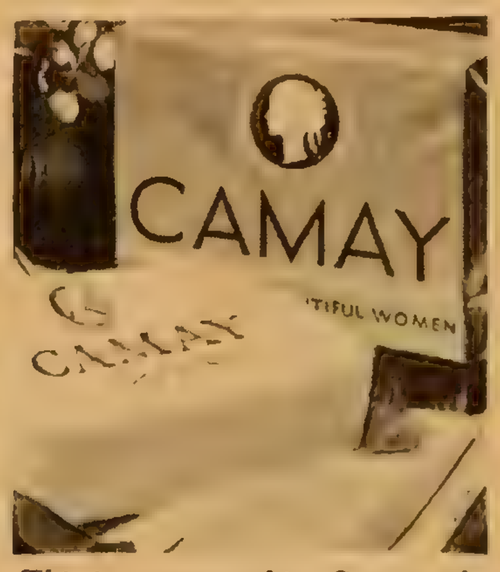
If you are a woman, you are in a daily Beauty Contest. You are competing with every woman in your social set . . . with hundreds who are strangers to you. But if your skin is lovely, you will win! Let gentle Camay help!



"When she entered the room, she entered one of life's daily Beauty Contests. The other girls were as smartly dressed. But her *skin was exquisite. She won! The others lost!"*



Lather your face well with Camay and warm water. Then rinse with cold water. Now your skin is immaculately fresh—ready for your other beauty aids.



This is creamy-white Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Look for it in the new green and yellow, Cellophane-sealed wrapper!

YOU'VE often heard it said, "Her face is her fortune." What is true of the woman with beautiful features is equally true of the woman with lovely skin. For if your skin is fresh and vibrantly alive, you've passed the most important test of beauty.

Then care for your precious skin with Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It's gentle and mild and creamy-white—the safe beauty soap for your complexion. And here's good news! Camay actually saves you money . . . at least 20% of the cost of other beauty brands. Do get a dozen cakes of delicate Camay today!

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

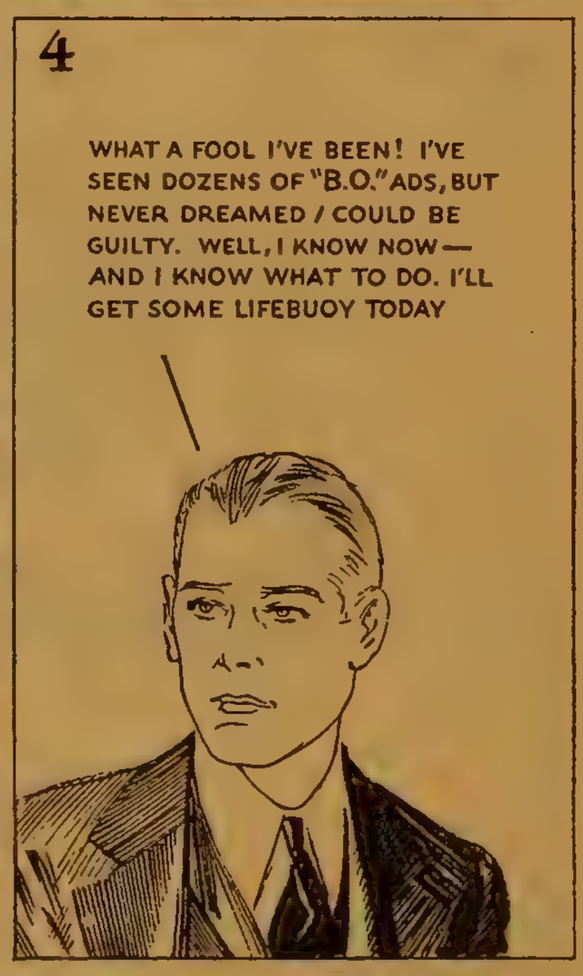
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins











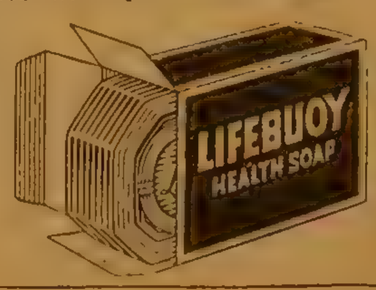
Don't let "B.O." (body odor) bar your way

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies* pores and removes all trace of "B.O." (*body odor*). Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBUOY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 4910, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.

(*This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.*)



"I have had the privilege of seeing 'Strange Interlude.' It is a wonderful picture. I think it is the loveliest thing Norma *Talmadge* has ever done!" (She meant Norma Shearer.)

But Ethel Barrymore meant it when she stepped up to the "mike" and remarked in the famous Barrymore drawl:

"They tell me the play has been shortened for the screen. I am delighted to hear it. This is probably the only time I will ever enjoy Eugene O'Neill. . . ."

Of course, the absent Garbo was the target of radio jokes. Jimmy Durante kept wailing into the microphone: "Where is Greta? She told me she would be here early!"

ONE of the prettiest parties of the season was given by Mrs. William K. Howard, wife of the director. It was an old-fashioned "picnic" in a secluded spot ten or twelve miles away from Hollywood. Brightly striped umbrellas gayly dotted the banks of a babbling brook, where the luncheon of fried chicken, potato salad, the proverbial stuffed eggs and pickles were served. After luncheon the group played bridge, walked the footpaths along the stream, or took "snapshots." Mrs. Howard wore a stunning blue and white flannel suit. Among the guests were: Sally Eilers in flannel trousers and a bright yellow sweater. Mrs. Sidney Lanfield (Shirley Mason) in a navy blue beach costume. Joan Bennett in a white sports dress with a red bow about her head. Mrs. Owen Moore in a combination of flannel "slacks" and a brown jacket. Mrs. George Lewis in green and white pajamas. And Janet Gaynor, who wore the popular "slacks" and a pale green sweater.

There's a Wedding Ahead for Tallulah Bankhead!

(*Continued from page 51*)

of this lady of the waterfall. These fundamental numbers, with their tones as clear as the cool rush of gay waters, indicate a perpetual desire to move on and express a beauty akin to her personal vision. They show that her nature is ambitious, independent and (like the waterfall) seeking to carve, by its own force, a path through the stolid earth.

The full expression of this fundamental sparkle, which is the deeper nature of Tallulah Bankhead, is often retarded to a broad glow. This is the result of having the number "3" for her Inner Nature and the number "7" for her General Temperament and Outer Expression. Three is the sign of visibility, "7" the sign of the invisible. The reaction between these two extremes, which might be called practical ambition and impractical idealism, is considerable.

Why She's Often Misunderstood

SEVEN, which is Miss Bankhead's "number," is one that I have found so often as the symbol of the Deeper Nature or the Outer Expression of people of the screen and the stage, for it means the ability to work behind a mask, which is a very evident way of explaining the portrayal of an artist—who appears not as himself, but in character.

No one who has this Expression number of "7"—the result of the addition of all the letters and numbers of the birth name—finds himself easily understood by other people. It is so usual for such a person to have an idea clearly in mind and then to

(*Continued on page 74*)

How the Income Tax Hits the Movie Stars

(*Continued from page 17*)

ing to reliable authority, are Marie Dressler, Ronald Colman, Tallulah Bankhead, Maurice Chevalier, Wallace Beery, Ramon Novarro, Buster Keaton, Richard Dix and others. This means they will pay from forty to forty-five per cent in taxes.

Chevalier and Tallulah are paid by the picture. The rest receive weekly paychecks in the neighborhood of $5,000. Richard Dix also shares in the profits of his films over a certain margin. "Cimarron" is said to have netted him a tidy sum.

Profit-sharing is generally an unusual arrangement and concerns few stars who are not, like Lloyd, Chaplin and Fairbanks, producing on their own. Several directors, however, share profits. Lewis Milestone is said to have received fifty per cent of the net profit on "The Front Page" and other pictures he directed. D. W. Griffith has had similar agreements. Ernst Lubitsch makes a straight $125,000 per picture. Cecil B. De Mille's income is unknown, but he is generally believed to be the wealthiest screen director.

From the weekly salaries of five thousand dollars, we drop to thirty-five hundred. For some inexplicable reason movie wages, when passing the three thousand and a half mark, jump to an even five. Billie Dove at $4,500 and Robert Armstrong at $4,000 are the exceptions that prove the rule.

These Pay Nearly One-Third

AMONG those reputed to be receiving $3,500 weekly are Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, Gary Cooper, Robert Montgomery, Kay Francis, and Joe E. Brown. Nearly one third of their salaries will be collected by the Government in taxes, less exemptions.

The last official figure for Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell was $2,750 a week each. It is thought that this has been raised to $3,500 by now. Clark Gable, recently raised to stardom, is now thought to be in the $3,500 class. The $2,500 received by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Conrad Nagel has also doubtless been boosted. It was Nagel, you recall, who recently decried exaggerated movie wages, saying that there were actually only twenty-three so-called "headline salaries." When he spoke, Nagel may have been thinking of what the Government tax would do to Hollywood salaries.

Just what amounts Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich find in their weekly pay envelopes, it is difficult to ascertain. It is popularly believed that Garbo has been drawing $7,500 a week. She is reported to have paid around $75,000 income tax last year. Some believe that Marlene, the queen of Paramount, receives more per year than Tallulah Bankhead. If so, she pays a healthy income tax.

If the glamourous Swede gets what she is said to have demanded on a new contract, namely $15,000, she will pay a big sum in income tax—roughly, about $400,000, less deductions. That's where the teeth of this new income tax law come in. Stars in some cases are going to find it cheaper to work for less money.

How The Tax Can Jump

PLACE yourself in the position of a player we shall call Millie Moonface. Millie finds that her accounts show that she has earned a net income of $98,000 for the year. She is offered $2,000 for a radio broadcast. Simple mathematics show even Millie that the sum of two thousand jumps her net earnings to $100,000, which requires her

(*Continued on page 71*)



Darling,

YOU'RE THE GIRL YOU USED TO BE!

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.

. . . . Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it *fades* your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

You must cherish your beauty! Re-color your hair *undetectably* with Notox—an entirely *new* way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous . . . Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the hair shaft—colors the hair where nature does. . . . Notox shades duplicate Nature's own. And remember, Notoxed hair can be washed, waved or sunned just like *natural* hair.

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Resent a substitute—no *like* product exists. Buy Notox at smart shops everywhere.

●● *Send for free booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and name of nearest beauty shop featuring Notox. Write Inecto, Inc., Dept. 6, 55 West 46th Street, New York*

Inecto Rapid **NOTOX**

Colors hair inside where nature does

CORNS

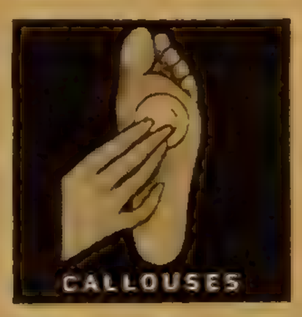


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It takes Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads only one minute to end pain of the worst corn. Their soothing medication acts instantly and heals rapidly. Their triple ply protective outer rim removes the cause—shoe pressure; prevents sore toes and blisters. Keep a box handy to use when new or tight shoes hurt and you'll have instant comfort.

Quickly Removes Corns

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the Pink Medicated Disks (now included at no extra cost) to safely remove corns and callouses in 48 hours. Get them today at your drug or shoe store. Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and Foot Remedies for all foot troubles.



Medicated DISK removes corns and callouses.

Soothing, healing PAD ends pain and the cause—shoe pressure.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

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Cowen Movie Service & Magazine Bureau, Dept. 24
2303 West North Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Why Robert Montgomery Wants to Go Back to the Stage

(*Continued from page 41*)

movies now, and the stage mustn't be allowed to suffer—*it's the only place where motion pictures can get their actors.* It's the only place where talented newcomers can get their training. All the beauty contests or lucky breaks you read about won't supply the studios with actors or actresses. You can't take a pretty girl from behind a counter or typewriter and put her before a camera and expect her to be an actress. You can't take a college boy or a bank clerk and make an actor of him just with make-up. It's a profession that has to be learned, like any other. . . .

"I have heard picture players say, 'When I've got enough money saved, I'm going to leave Hollywood and do what I want to do.' But do they? If I'd ever found even one screen star who had really done that thing, I'd say it myself. But no, while their popularity lasts, they never break away—and when it begins to lessen, they stay on, trying to make a comeback. I've saved pretty consistently since I've been in Hollywood, but if I wait until I think I've earned 'enough' to retire on, I'll probably never go back to the stage. I don't want to wait, anyhow. I want to do a play in a New York theatre right away—this Fall, if I can persuade them to let me go. And I don't want to give up pictures—I want them both. I don't see why I shouldn't have them both."

Robert Montgomery, who was one of the young pioneers who left Broadway for Hollywood soon after talkies were invented, has made an outstanding success on the screen. Yet even now, when he gets his weekly pay-check, he laughs out loud as he looks at it. The size of it is still a joke to him, an incredible, delightful joke. He has never, for one single moment, believed that it would last.

No Possessions to Hold Him

"HOW can anyone think he's on the screen to stay?" wonders Bob. "All he has to do is to look around him. If he goes out and makes a down-payment on a fine house in Beverly Hills with his first week's salary, the chances are that he'll lose his contract before the place is half paid for. Believe me, since I've been out here, my wife and I haven't bought a single thing that can't be easily moved back East when my time comes!"

Hollywood is merely Bob Montgomery's temporary residence. His *home* is an old white farmhouse on peaceful acres among the hills of upper New York State. He bought this farm after he entered the movies, and has been back only once to see it, but it's his permanent address.

"Our furniture doesn't go with the Spanish-type house we're renting," he laughs. "We bought it with a Colonial farmhouse in mind. We know the very wall space every piece will fit—we have blueprints of the house, you see. I feel better with a piece of land that's mine. It seems so sort of fundamental and safe, with the world in such a tangle as it is these days. Why, people don't discuss sex any more for small talk—they argue economics, instead. Stocks go down, banks fail—but the land is there to go back to, if you need an anchor. It's something real.

"Hollywood isn't real. Movie success isn't real. The very landscape isn't real—you can take a California tree and walk off with it almost, because things out here haven't roots. Mind you, I'm not complaining about the movies. I'm everlastingly grateful for what they've done for me, *but the greatest movie success isn't enough.* I've talked to screen stars who have attained it, and they're all restless. They've got ambition for something more, and there isn't anything more for them on the screen. No new triumphs to win. No place to go from the top! That's why I want to go back to the theatre. You're never 'there' on the stage, you're always working, trying something new, hoping for a different kind of success with each new play."

Wants a Good, Tough Job

UNSATISFIED—not *dis*satisfied, mind you. That's how Bob Montgomery impresses you—restless. It isn't enough for him to make a lot of money. Or to play polo, the rich man's game. Or to read columns of publicity glorifying him. His hard young eyes are looking for *a tough job of work.* He takes a clipping out of his billfold with a smile and frown. "Robert Montgomery," he reads, wryly, "because of his good work in 'Letty Lynton,' has earned a leading part in 'Blondie of the Follies.'" He makes no comment. He doesn't need to!

His restlessness takes the form of writing. He has several hundred short stories in desk drawers at his house. He played an admittedly duffer's game of polo till a few weeks ago, when he sold his string of ponies. "It seems childish feeding horses when youngsters are going hungry somewhere," he says. He sailed away with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Laurence Olivier on a yacht for a regular he-man vacation recently—but they had to get back to work after only a few days.

There simply isn't enough for youth—real, ardent, anxious, eager youth—to do in Hollywood. To be sure, some movie stars get a lot of fun out of spending their money. But beyond buying a piece of old pewter now and then, the Robert Montgomerys don't care especially for *things*—possessions that tie one down, and worry one.

"They talk about my being a good saver," Bob frowns. "Well, it depends on what you mean. I wouldn't walk to the studio if I could afford to ride, and I wouldn't drive a poor, shabby little car if I could afford a good one. But money will mean freedom. We don't know what freedom means in the movies. I haven't been away for a trip except once, since I came West, two years ago. When picture stars go to Europe, they rush over and spend their time nervously waiting for a trans-oceanic telephone call or cablegram telling them to come back to begin a new picture."

Reports that the recent closing of a Beverly Hills bank had wiped out all his savings, Bob says, are untrue. "They were in a trust fund," he says. "I lost my checking account—that's all."

In company with the rest of the stars and the studio employees on the Metro lot, he took a thirty-five per cent cut in salary recently. "They revised the contracts to include that," he says, indifferently, "but if it had broken my contract to take it, I don't think I would have cared—much. I would have been back on the stage by now!"

Perhaps money and the power of money don't mean so much to Robert Montgomery since he discovered that it could not buy for him the thing he loved most, the life of his baby. The young Montgomerys never speak of this sorrow—it lies too deep. But friends say that Bob spent a fortune on doctors and specialists, some of them sent for from the East, when his three-year-old daughter was stricken with a throat infection that proved fatal just before Christmas, 1931.

How the Income Tax Hits the Movie Stars

(*Continued from page 69*)

to pay taxes of $30,220 instead of $29,120—a difference of $1,100. In other words, she can pocket only nine hundred of the two thousand she gets for the broadcast. It then becomes her problem to decide if the amount will compensate her for the work she must do.

Figuring out that simple little problem, it is believed, is really what caused Walter Winchell, the Broadway columnist, to forego a film appearance. He computed his earnings from all sources and discovered that his picture salary would jump his net income several brackets to a higher percentage. Deciding that the few extra hundreds he would make were not worth the effort, Winchell packed up and went back to columnizing.

Another aspect of the new law that hits Hollywood hard is the section relating to bonuses above salary. It seems that 80 per cent of such bonuses go to the government. This is bad news to Hollywood's "bonus army"—those stars who are in the habit of receiving bonuses if their pictures pass a certain mark at the box office. It is understood that Clara Bow's contract at Fox for the one picture, "Call Her Savage," provides for a salary of $125,000, with a healthy bonus if the picture grosses more than $800,000. If Clara's comeback picture tops that mark, she will receive only 20 per cent of the bonus her contract calls for; the government will get the rest.

Nancy's Predicament

FREQUENTLY in the past, when players have skyrocketed to stardom, their contracts have not been rewritten—but they have received salary bonuses to compensate for their new popularity. One of the several such cases, it is said, was formerly Nancy Carroll. When she suddenly zoomed up to stardom, Paramount gave her a bonus that amounted to $2,500 a week, making her total salary $3,500 a week (her contract called for a $1,000 a week salary). If Uncle Sam should take 80 per cent of her bonus, the gross would drop to $1,500—and she would be taxed again on that. No wonder Nancy was glad to take a salary cut recently, so that Paramount would tear up the old contract and hand her a new all-salary agreement! There are others, too.

The new law has other teeth equally sharp. The matter of exemptions, for example. The Government no longer differentiates between earned income and income from investments. Losses on security transactions are not deductible any more, if the securities have been owned less than two years. Thus a loss of, say, $100,000 on a stock bought last year cannot be charged off against profits in other stocks. You may have an actual net loss in securities for the year and still have a taxable income. This tooth is probably meant to discourage stock market manipulations.

A number of ordinary exemptions allowed people in the picture industry are still deductible. Others are not. Entertainment, for example, is strictly out. Once, all the elaborate parties given by film folk could be charged to "publicity" and deducted. It was not uncommon at one time to charge fifteen per cent or more of gross incomes to "entertainment." Various reforms reduced this percentage. Now, none is allowed. Charity donations will also be closely scrutinized, with vouchers, receipts and cancelled checks demanded in proof.

Expenses They Can Check Off

ALL paid publicity, including photographs and fan mail, is still allowable—but only if paid for. Under a previous ruling,

(*Continued on page 73*)

She never omits her Daily Bath—

yet she wears underthings

a second day!



FRESH AS A ROSE, she steps from her tub and then—too often she puts on yesterday's lingerie!

She *can't* escape offending when she does this! For all healthy people perspire, and underthings absorb perspiration. Even though we don't notice it ourselves, other people do. It ruins the effect we want to make.

Why should any girl run such a risk? It's so *easy* to remove the slightest danger of offending. For Lux coaxes out every trace of perspiration acids and odors! Just 4 minutes Luxes all one day's underthings—stockings, too. Keeps colors and fabrics lovely as new so much longer. Economical!

Avoid Offending—

Underthings absorb perspiration odor—Protect daintiness this 4-minute way

Wash this 4-minute way. One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice.

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.



LUX

for Underthings

removes perspiration acids and odors—Saves Colors

ALL GRAY HAIR —OR NONE!



Nothing ages a man or a woman's face like a streaky mixture of youthful hair and faded gray. Watch for the first sprinkling. It's easy THEN to keep ALL your hair one even shade and avoid that touched up look by using FARR'S, a modern type of preparation, clean, odorless, greaseless that leaves a NATURAL, soft, youthful shade that will not wash off nor interfere with your marcel or permanent wave in the least. Any shade. Harmless as your lipstick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

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Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
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City..... State.....
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR.....

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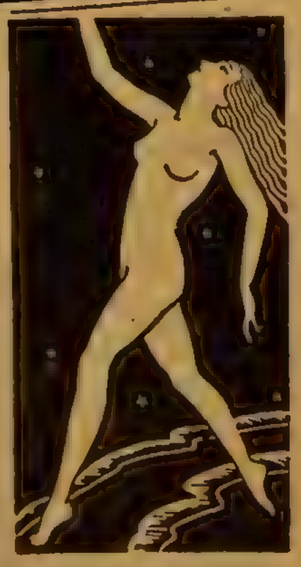
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New Freedom for Modern Womanhood

SCIENCE MEETS DEMAND FOR COMPLETE PROTECTION

German scientists have developed an amazing formula now presented as H. Y. G. TABLETS. Pure, safe, convenient and a reliable antiseptic for feminine hygiene, they provide the necessary protection to womanhood. Removes fear and uncertainty. Antiseptic vapor liberated by these tablets, destroys germs without harming delicate membranes. Dry, greaseless, non-poisonous, non-irritating and stainless. No water, liquid antiseptic or cumbersome accessories needed. Comes in a small, compact package which can be conveniently and easily carried.





MAIL 10¢ AND THIS COUPON

Progressive Laboratories, Dept. K-6
228 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me sample of H. Y. G. Tablets, Directions and Valuable Booklet. I enclose 10c.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

They Asked Him to Kiss Joan Crawford and Robert Young Blushed!

(*Continued from page 52*)

It all started when Henry Hinsdell, the voice and dramatic coach for Metro-Goldwyn's youngsters, in a moment when his applied psychology failed him, told Bob he appealed only to the maternal instinct. How Mr. Hinsdell knew this, only he can say. But everyone will admit it was enough to make any ambitious young actor morbid and neurotic. Ever since that day Bob has been in a panic, for fear when he does a love scene he may look as if he were kissing his sister.

"It's really embarrassment, that's what it is," he continued in complete vexation. "It's all part of my inferiority complex. Have I *got* one? I've got one big enough for an elephant. I've always had, and I can't get over it. I'm not at all sure of myself. But it's a funny thing—it goes away the minute I start acting. Except in love scenes. Then it gets worse than ever.

"I made a test with Joan Crawford for 'Letty Lynton,' but I was terrible. I couldn't remember that I was just a man awfully in love with this girl, a man kissing the girl he loved. All I could think of was that it was Joan Crawford, the big star, and she was so beautiful, and I was just a beginner. And I got so embarrassed they decided I couldn't possibly play the part."

The girls who used to swoon over Bob when he was leading man at the Pasadena Playhouse will be amazed to hear of this new turn of events. And it's not really serious. The truth is that Bob has his inferiority complex, and consequent maternal appeal, only when there are celebrities around. Remember his only professional experience was six months in a stock company, and he feels just the way you would if you were suddenly asked to kiss Joan Crawford.

Test Belied His Worries

ON the first day of a picture, Bob is panicky. "Gee, what am I going to do, playing with troupers like Walter Huston and Lewis Stone and Neil Hamilton!" he jitters to his friends. For the first few days on the set he has been known to be positively sullen, so anxious is he to seem unintimidated by the famous ones.

But don't be deceived. They took some love scenes in a hammock with Bob and Joan Marsh, and the results prove Bob has nothing fundamental to worry about. Absolutely no instincts missing, no mother's-boy traits apparent. Bob is O. K.

"The only reason I'm worried about my lack of sex appeal," he said, "is because it makes me look so young. It prevents me from playing any parts but juveniles, and I despise those. In 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet' I wore a mustache to make me look a little older. I'm really twenty-five, but mentally I must be just a high-school boy, and that's what the camera registers. I'm afraid the mustache doesn't help much, though, and a false one always shows. I couldn't possibly grow one of my own." Bob admitted his shame in the same spirit of humility and desire-to-do-better with which he had confessed to maternal-appeal. "I can grow one on the edges, like a Chinaman's, but there's nothing in the middle."

That checks mustaches off our list of topics to be covered in this story. Now let's get on with the wolves and the silver platters. The wolf has never been far from Bob Young's door, he contends. His older brother, Joe, an actor in screen comedies, supported the family and made it possible for Bob to go through high-school, though the kid assisted with the usual paper-route and other adolescent jobs. The locale of this story is Los Angeles, by the way. Bob was born in Chicago, but he came here at the age of ten and hasn't been away since, except for a few weeks.

"In school I was very studious," he said, "All I needed was the spectacles. But deep down I always had a feeling that I'd like to be an actor." He gave up the idea of college because he knew he'd miss both the social life and the student dramatics if he had to work his way through. And so it came about that the Pasadena Community Players got a new leading man. (Karen Morley was leading lady.)

There was an English teacher at Bob's high-school whose only pleasure was in taking floundering young people who didn't know quite what to do with their lives, discovering their talents, developing them, and helping her charges toward their goal.

"I had to work, of course," Bob related, "so I got a job in a bank, and went to Pasadena evenings and Saturday matinées. Gee, it's been wonderful the way I've never struggled for anything I've got. Everything's been handed to me on a silver platter. It's been just luck, all the way through.

Acting Was Play, Not Work

"I WORKED in Pasadena purely as recreation. You know how some people, after work, go out to a cabaret, get drunk, and make whoopee. In exactly the same spirit, I went over there and acted. I was crazy about it, but I didn't even intend that it should be my profession, and I had no idea of doing it as a dogged struggle to get ahead."

Meanwhile Bob left the bank, and got a job as collector for a Building and Loan company. That wasn't a very profitable move. When he saw the poverty in which his clients lived, instead of collecting he'd usually give them a few dollars, and tell his boss there was nobody home. The result was that collectors began calling at *his* house, and that led Bob to accept a job with a stock company touring the Pacific Coast. He returned from the tour richer by a little professional experience, a few staunch friends, and enough money to pay his debts.

Then came the sudden streak of what Bob calls luck, served up on a series of gleaming silver platters. An agent who had seen Bob in Pasadena called him up. He had tests made at several big studios—and it was all just a sight-seeing tour to Bob, who had never been able to get inside the gates. Imagine his amazement when in a few weeks he was led to the official Metro-Goldwyn fountain pen, where, in a complete daze, he signed his name to a five-year contract.

On the way home his agent said, "Now, how'd you like to go to Honolulu?"—but Bob was too numb to be surprised. This wizard had also signed for his client to appear in one picture for Fox Films, to be made in Honolulu. And Bob's screen career started off in a blaze of glory at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, as juvenile lead in "The Black Camel."

Just one year later, he was experiencing the stage-fright of a big première at the Chinese Theatre—the première of "The Wet Parade," in which he was the undisputed leading man. His studio predicts big things for him, especially since "New Morals for Old" and "Unashamed" and "Strange Interlude." Not so bad for a boy who has no sex appeal and only the outer edges of a moustache.

How the Income Tax Hits the Movie Stars

(*Continued from page 71*)

Ann Harding could charge fifty per cent of the operation expenses of her airplane to her publicity account. To do this, her name had to be painted on the side of the 'plane in letters of a specified height. Doubtless this ruling will be rescinded under the 1932 law.

Fifty per cent of expenses for film wardrobe is allowed, and the same amount for cosmetics. Fifty per cent of auto maintenance, including chauffeur, is deductible if the car cost less than $5,000. Autos costing over five thousand rate only twenty per cent exemption.

Full commissions, salaries and expenses of business managers are deductible. The same is true of agents' fees, secretarial salaries and other personal employees *used at the studio*. There is a very clearly-defined line drawn between business employees and household servants. The salary of a maid, valet or hairdresser who works for a star at the studio can be deducted. A butler's salary cannot. Attorneys' fees are allowed only for drawing contracts, defending property and purely business transactions. If a star becomes embroiled in a private quarrel, he pays for his own lawyer.

There are other small exemptions—long-distance business telephone calls and telegrams, books for research work, some traveling expenses and the like. But nowhere near the number previously allowed.

A Tax Expert's Advice

"THERE is one piece of advice I give all my clients," Forest W. Monroe told us. "When they come to me for income tax counsel, I tell them to keep a record of all minor expenditures, as well as major ones. Too often I have been confronted with the question of accounting for a few dollars that would save hundreds on the tax return.

"It makes no difference what your occupation is—keep a good check on small personal expenses. Write everything down. It will save you money in the long run."

Richard Dix is the only actor we know who has followed Mr. Monroe's advice. Dix apparently learned his lesson by bitter experience. He ran into trouble with the Government last year, concerning his income tax. The difficulty arose when he chose the wrong tax accountant to make his returns. Recently, Dix bought the writer a cigar and jotted the item down in a little red book. Now I know why.

Dix is not alone in having suffered through tax troubles. There have been scores of others involved by their blind trust in so-called tax accountants. Perhaps the most famous case was that concerning Charlie Chaplin. Charlie paid nearly a million-dollar fine.

Chaplin probably pays more in taxes than anyone else in filmland. When the County Assessor recently appraised Chaplin's taxable securities, he estimated their value at $7,687,570 as of March 1, 1932.

Speaking of Chaplin brings to mind an extraordinary situation regarding international tax laws. Charlie is an English citizen, as are Elissa Landi (by marriage), Clive Brook, Ronald Colman and George Arliss. All must pay, not only an American tax, but one in England. This runs as high as twenty-five per cent additional. The same is true in France (Chevalier's native land) and a few other countries.

Perhaps our American stars, in bemoaning their own tax rates, can find condolence in the misfortune of the visiting French and English players. At least, if you are an American, only one Government gets it.

The world's worst job— washing dirty handkerchiefs

now ended by KLEENEX

disposable tissues



Madam, will you let us prove to you that you need never wash another handkerchief?

Send us your name and address—we will send you a trial packet of Kleenex Tissues. Use them for a week, in place of handkerchiefs.

Then see if you can think of a single reason why you should continue that disagreeable task of washing handkerchiefs.

Softest—yet strongest tissue

Kleenex is many times more absorbent than linen or cotton; and though the softest tissue on the market, it is also the strongest.

Because Kleenex costs so little, you destroy each tissue when used. Think how much more healthful, to select a nice, fresh tissue every time, instead of using a soiled handkerchief over and over!

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Authorities say it's best, because Kleenex is so absorbent that it blots all impurities from the pores.

In rolls and packages

Kleenex comes in smart convenient packages and in 25c rolls, in delicate pink or white.

Try both; and then try the larger, household size as well! It is marvelously convenient for guest towels, for dusting, for many kitchen tasks.

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KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

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One 35c OUTDOOR GIRL LIPSTICK
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• Go to your favorite toilet goods counter today. Buy a box of OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* or *Lightex* Face Powder at its regular price of $1.00. With it you will receive a 35c OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Lipstick and a 35c package of OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Rouge —FREE! All 3 articles are encased in a striking "Anniversary Combination" Gift Package... Choose from 7 smart tints, the shade of powder you like best. The accompanying rouge and lipstick will be in correct harmonizing colors.

• If you are one of the millions of users of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, you do not have to be told how marvelously beneficial its *Olive Oil* base is to your skin... Now you may have the same wonderful advantages in your Rouge and Lipstick. What is more, you may try these two new OUTDOOR GIRL products at *our expense.* The "Anniversary Combination" brings you both articles in your favorite shades, without additional cost!

• This Free Offer is strictly limited! After it is withdrawn you will have to pay $1.70 for the same 3 products you can buy today for $1.00... *So act promptly!* If your regular drug or department store cannot supply you, mail the coupon.

SEND NO MONEY!—TAX FREE!
PAY THE POSTMAN!

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130 Willis Ave., New York
Please send me postpaid one "Anniversary Combination." Upon receipt, I will pay the postman $1.00. I am checking the powder shade I like best
FLESH ☐ LIDO ☐ OCHRE ☐ RACHEL ☐

Name_____
(Print Plainly)
Address_____
City_____ State_____

There's a Wedding Ahead for Tallulah Bankhead!

(Continued from page 68)

listen to one's self expressing it in such words that it is hardly recognizable. Miss Bankhead must often have had such an experience.

There is only one phase of this number of mystery, silence and idealism, according to the numerical recordings, genuinely expressed by Miss Bankhead. For this number is only the symbol of her "Expression." Her name contains no g, p or q, which also take the value of this number 7. This important phase which she manifests is the fact of a certain aristocracy. Truly an aristocrat among numbers is "7." Truly an aristocrat among the movie stars is Tallulah Bankhead.

Beyond this important phase, the number vibrations reveal her languid flow of movement and quiet poise to be more or less of a stage set. Windows, doors with flowering vines about them, all in realistic order; but on the other side, not the warmth of feeling, the understanding welcome that might be expected. Instead, we contact the cool ambition to succeed in spite of every obstacle, to be personally free, independent and achieve the high peak of public success. It reminds us again, this inner nature numbered "3," of the cool rush of gay, ambitious waters that can feel little sympathy for humanity standing on the banks, but are always willing to give refreshment and inspiration, according to a personal ideal of beauty.

Hard Work Ahead of Her

THE windings of Tallulah's destiny, as mapped out according to the numbers of the day, month and year of her birth, January 31, 1902, are charted by the number "8," the symbol of material freedom, of health, prosperity and authority.

This number "8" is built up through the numerals "1," "4" and "3" in such a fashion as to necessitate a good deal of hard work through the middle portion of her life from twenty-eight to forty-six. Particularly from twenty-eight to thirty-seven, which she will be in 1939, this work will continue to be in the theatre and upon the screen, and her tools will be her definite ambition to project her personality and her undoubted ability as an actress, which I have already shown is due to her "7" Expression.

Noticing the markings on Tallulah Bankhead's path of destiny, which all indicate much future success for her, even when play-acting has given way to other activities, it is worth while to examine the one commencing with her thirty-seventh year and ending with her forty-sixth. This period represents a phase of experience when Tallulah, the woman, and not Tallulah, the actress, will find real self-satisfaction in personal happiness—marriage, companionship, social position, and recognition that will measure up to the very definite ambitions of her inner nature.

The impersonal, cool aristocrat, no longer content with the protecting shade of a professional success, will step out into the sunshine to nourish her personal visions of beauty and attainment.

The year of 1931, in the career of Miss Bankhead, marked the beginning of a new cycle of years which will not end until 1939. This promises her bigger and better rôles as the possibility of the Fall of 1932, and for the year 1933 a temporary return to the theatre. There is little danger of any change important enough in her life to dim her growing popularity until 1935.

Cheasley's Startling Code Book!

Health, Wealth, Work and Love Revealed

AMAZING NEW GUIDE TO NUMEROLOGY GIVES QUICK ANSWERS

Forecasting Formula Shows Way

IS my husband the right man for me? Can I get better luck, as others have done, by changing my name? What is in store for me this year? Should I change my job?—Start a new business? Marry my "boy friend"? . . . How can I find my way to more money?

Here, in this amazing new Cheasley book are your answers—your Guide to better things. Here you may discover the things to do and not to do; when to act and when not to, in order to get the things you want—according to the Science of Numerology.

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Month by month you have read in *Motion Picture Magazine* about the future that lay ahead of your favorite Stars. Now *YOU* may have the *Secret Key*—the Code Book—of The Great Cheasley . . . the very same Guide he uses to analyze, foretell, detect, appraise and help the stars of stage and screen and the leaders in business and society.

Developed from a lifetime of patient study and research, this book is now to be released at last to the public—Mr. Cheasley's contribution to the relief of our serious economic situation. You really pay little for the book. The price of $1.00 just about covers the cost of printing, postage and this announcement to our readers.

Now you can read your own future, as forecast by the Science of Numerology in full—learn what is ahead for your children, friends, sweetheart, husband, relatives—month by month and year by year. Here, in this amazingly revealing guide you learn the whole Science of Numerology—all that Cheasley knows so well.



"To A Great Work" —LOPEZ *Speaking*

VINCENT LOPEZ, the famous pianist, leader of modern orchestras, pioneer broadcaster of popular rhythm, who has held public attention for many years, says:

"I am glad to have this opportunity of adding a word to the presentation to the public of 'Numerology At A Glance.' It explains clearly the simpler, practical phases of this great subject.

"For some years I have been interested in studying, applying and proving Mr. Cheasley's practical number philosophy, with the result that I have a better understanding of myself, the other fellow and more ease in dealing with the many problems constantly facing one, who like myself, is responsible for public organizations.

"I always consult Numerology as the most direct route to checking up on my decisions, my associations, my business prospects and opportunities as well as in selecting the proper time to put through important changes.

"I consider this practical science, psychology and philosophy of great benefit to every individual in our modern life, where efficiency of thinking must go hand in hand with efficiency of action if success is to be attained."

Sincerely,
(Signed) *Vincent Lopez*

The Startling Code Book of the Great Master of the Science of Numerology may now be yours—for personal profit, guidance, help and information. Now you may know, also, the truth about friend or enemy. Easy to understand and apply. Anyone can use "Numerology At A Glance" after a few minutes' practice.

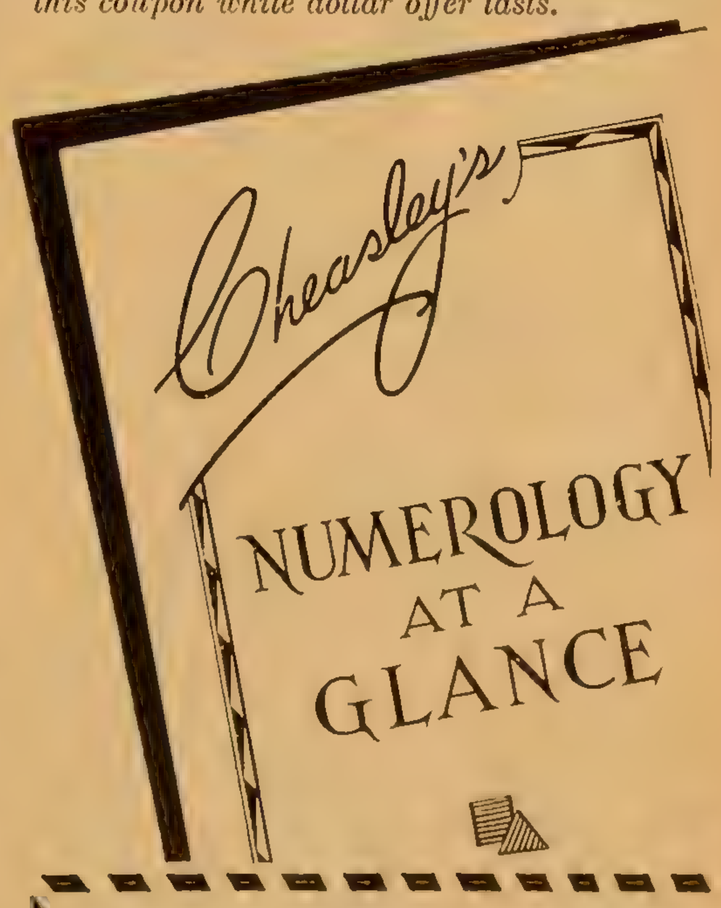
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HOTEL Fort Shelby

E. J. BRADWELL, *Manager*

DETROIT

"AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS"

Lee Tracy, Fighting Mad, Kills a Rumor

(*Continued from page 26*)

eight hundred and eighty consecutive performances. We closed in 'Broadway,' on a Saturday and on Sunday I started rehearsals for 'The Front Page.' I played *Hildy Johnson*, the reporter, for the next *forty-three weeks.* Never once in all that time did I miss a performance. Where do they get this 'unreliable' stuff? Do these statistics show me up as 'irresponsible'?

"It's the bunk—this tale about my being the answer to the bootleggers' prayer. Sure, I drink when I'm not working. But I never stepped on a stage 'under the influence,' as polite phraseology has it.

"The studio completed 'Blessed Event' in a little over *three weeks shooting time.* Does that sound as if I held them up? I was late twice on the set. I can't get used to these horrible eight o'clock calls. Imagine making a man get up at six or six-thirty and expecting him to work! Why, that's the middle of night! I don't begin to wake up until afternoon. But 'Washington Merry-Go-Round,' which I'm just finishing, has been on schedule to the minute.

Another "Ridiculous" Rumor

"SOMEBODY started the report, when I was late one morning, that I had refused to leave my hotel until the studio sent me a case of brandy. Of all the idiotic ideas! Where would a studio get a case of brandy that was fit to drink? *I* have a hard enough time getting decent brandy—and look at all the ropes I am supposed to know.

"The trouble with me is I'm not a hypocrite. If I want to drink, it's my own business, so long as it doesn't interfere with my work. But if I had had the sense of a one-eared jack rabbit, I would have taken my highballs behind closed doors with all the window shades pulled, following the local custom. But no. I have to go places, see people and do things when I'm high. Drinking solitary isn't any fun. And why drink unless you have fun?

"Perhaps I shouldn't have been so frank when I filled out that foolish biographical questionnaire a publicity department handed me. It's supposed to have something to do with getting your name in the papers. But it's foolish, and I answered in kind. For example, the question: 'What do you do to keep fit?' I answered: 'Drink liquor and relax.'

"I've been told since that some of the boys took me seriously. In fact, they've gone back to that questionnaire to substantiate the argument that I drink. The argument doesn't need substantiation. I admit it. What I'm denying is that drinking has ever made me unreliable."

Although Lee Tracy terms the biography "foolish," it reveals many sidelights on the man behind the actor. To begin with, it gives his birthplace as Atlanta, Georgia and the date as April 14, 1898. His father was a railroad man and an ardent admirer of that gallant Southern general, Robert E. Lee, as the first name he gave his son will testify.

Why He Turned Actor

LEE tried his hand at railroading when his dad became General Superintendent of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. He gave it up to enroll in medical school and in turn abandoned a doctor's career in favor of the stage. This was dictated, he says, solely by the knowledge that the theatre was a source of heavy profits "if you clicked."

Ten years of apprenticeship followed, ten years of one-night stands, playing vaudeville, acting with stock companies. "Broadway" was his first individual hit; "Big Time" his first picture. In both he played "hoofers." Yet cannot dance a step.

"I was better qualified perhaps," Tracy laughs "for the part of *Hildy Johnson* in 'The Front Page.' *Hildy*, as you remember, (whisper) drank. I don't know why it is, but I have even been criticized for playing tipsy rôles. A number of newspaper editors took me to task for depicting a drunken reporter. Maybe they thought there wasn't such an animal, just as Hollywood prefers to believe me its only intoxicated actor."

Returning to the biography, we find Lee waxing sarcastic in answer to the question, "What is your favorite recipe that you, yourself, prepare?" He wrote "Bacon and eggs," and after the query "Ingredients?" repeated "Bacon and eggs."

His present ambition is, he says, "To stay where I am—it's a tough job." He denies any artistic yearning besides acting, saying "Acting is enough."

"Why is it," Tracy asks, "that you go along for years on the stage without having a single questionnaire shoved at you? Then you come to Hollywood and around every corner lurks a perspiring publicity man, pencil in hand, waiting to pounce on his prey. I've answered more intimate questions than I knew anyone dared to ask.

"This sort of thing has got me all in a dither. Not that I don't like publicity men. Some of them are great guys. But they're driving me nuts. They make me horribly self-conscious. I'm conscious of personal prejudices I've had all my life, but never thought much about until now.

How He Gets in "Hot Water"

"ALL these things have been brought to my attention by having to answer questions about them. No wonder this is a crazy town. Everyone out here knows too much about himself. Going Hollywood really means going self-conscious. But the question I most encounter is 'What are your hobbies?' That's easy. Though when I answer truthfully, 'Highballs, fishing and gambling,' I get in hot water."

Behind Lee Tracy's devotion to the sport of fishing lies the *real reason*—your pardon, Hollywood—why he will not sign a long-term studio contract. He tried the contract thing once with Fox, found it interfered with his fishing and asked for his release. When the fish stopped biting, he went back to Broadway.

He was playing in "Louder, Please" when Warners signed him up for a single picture, "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Before that was completed, he signed for another, "Love Is a Racket." Again, while still in production, he was offered and accepted another rôle, this one in "Doctor X." Then Jimmy Cagney staged his famous walk-out. Warners had prepared "Blessed Event" for Cagney and overnight recast it for Lee Tracy. There was talk at the time of a long-term agreement, but Tracy preferred fishing.

Fishing palled and Tracy returned to Hollywood to step into the lead of "Night Mayor" at Columbia, in which he plays a character slightly like Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. He also signed to do "Washington Merry-Go-Round" for the same company. Meanwhile "Blessed Event" was previewed and Hollywood, unable to understand why Warners had let Tracy slip though their fingers, cast about for a reason. "Elbow-bending" was chosen as a logical explanation. Anyhow, it sounded better than the more prosaic fishing. Gambling was ruled out when it was discovered that Lee's preference was for crap-shooting.

Ruth Marries George and Everybody's Happy

(*Continued from page 66*)

'Twas whispered that Ruth found Chevalier's fellow-countryman most attractive, that their friendship was developing into a deep and real understanding. Chatterton had long since stopped keeping up the pretense with her real and close friends that she and Ralph Forbes ("Rafe," as she calls him) were happy. Those who knew Ruth best believed that a new and very great love had come into her life in the person of the French actor, Boyer.

He was a visitor in Hollywood, looking over the movie center, being spurred on to try his luck in American films by his friend, Chevalier. He did, in fact, accept several picture engagements, drawing his most important rôle in "The Man from Yesterday," with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook. During his first few months in Hollywood he was an attentive cavalier to the charming Chatterton. Who knows where this friendship might have led if Charles Boyer had not met Frances Dee, the peppy little Paramount ingénue?

Was Ruth "Heart-Broken"?

BOYER fell deeply in love with Frances Dee almost at first sight. And Frances, who has been rumored engaged to so many eligible young Hollywood men, is said to have turned her first serious attention upon young Boyer. From the moment of their meeting they were constantly seen together at the beaches, the cafés, the theatre and movie premières. The talk about the Boyer-Chatterton romance waned in the sudden affection that had sprung up between the Frenchman and Frances Dee.

Those who liked their romances highly dramatized were of the opinion that Ruth Chatterton was "heart-broken." There was that story about her journey to Pasadena to meet the train of the in-coming Boyer, only to learn that he had left the train at San Bernadino, where he had been met by Frances Dee. When she took a sudden "rest trip" to Arrowhead, it was commonly supposed by those who liked to believe they were "in" on all the details, that she had gone there to forget her friendship for Boyer.

Can you believe this story that Hollywood likes so well—that Ruth Chatterton is an incurable romanticist at heart? They say that for years, ever since the first disillusion in her marriage with Forbes (during the year Ralph was a success in Hollywood and Ruth was struggling to get started), she has been looking for a man to whom she would be "the only woman." There is no compromise with the modern in Ruth's romantic ideals; she does not believe in a scattering of affections. Those who have enjoyed her confidence claim she is an apostle of the creed of one woman in a man's life. They say she sought that ideal in Boyer until little Frances Dee so innocently happened along to destroy it by being the recipient of Boyer's unmistakable affection. Before Boyer left Hollywood he pleaded with Frances Dee to marry him. But Frances' contract has many months to run and she was not free to accept an offer of marriage that would take her from this country.

Temporary Reconciliation

THERE was little more talk about Ruth Chatterton and Charles Boyer. For a while it looked as though Ruth and Ralph Forbes might really become reconciled. Their persistent "fireside publicity" eventually threw the press off the trail and the cry of "trouble brewing" was not again taken up until Ruth moved into her bungalow dressing-room at the studio.

This time the romantic rumors linked her name with George Brent, her new leading man. An amusing sidelight of the gossip at that time was that George Brent and Charles Boyer were, and are, the best of friends. And to add to the complications, it was believed that Brent (who had been divorced from Helen Campbell in Los Angeles in 1929), was more or less engaged to Gilda Gray, famous shimmy dancer of the New York stage. For two years before Brent arrived in Hollywood his name had been consistently linked with Gilda's.

And then to Hollywood came Gilda—but just in time to read of the pre-divorce engagement of George Brent and Ruth Chatterton! During her stay (she was making personal appearances at a local theatre) Gilda was interviewed by a woman reporter. She was asked about the Chatterton-Brent engagement. It is reported that her only answer was a hearty laugh and the mysterious comment: "Well, we live and learn."

Gilda seemed determined to "laugh it off" and certainly she gave no outward evidence of a heartbroken woman. She managed to get herself rumored engaged to two different gentlemen before she took her departure. Never, at any time, was there any linking of her name with her former close friend, George Brent, even during the time just preceding the "engagement" announcement, before Ruth Chatterton reached Europe. There could be no doubt but that the Brent-Gilda Gray romance was most certainly "cold."

In fact, Hollywood had begun to rumor another romance for George Brent in pretty little Loretta Young! It actually took the engagement announcement that Chatterton and George Brent were planning matrimony to make Hollywood realize there could have been nothing but friendship between Loretta and George.

Was Loretta Disappointed?

IN denying "romantic intentions" toward Loretta, Brent said: "Hollywood is greatly given to rumoring romance if two people are even seen in public more than twice. Loretta and I frequently lunched and dined together, thus putting ourselves in the position of being suspected of romantic feelings toward one another. But, as usual, Hollywood was wrong. Our meetings were merely business. We were planning to go out on a personal appearance together and it was necessary to be together a great deal, rehearsing the act, and so on."

Maybe it is because Hollywood doesn't like to be so thoroughly fooled that it stubbornly clings to the idea that Loretta was very fond of George Brent.

These are the silent angles of the much-publicized triangle of Ralph Forbes-Ruth Chatterton-George Brent. Surely Hollywood has never known a more "far-reaching" romance.

The studio has maintained a diplomatic silence about the sudden divorce and remarriage of its most prominent star. It is not known yet whether or not Ruth and George will continue as a screen team. It is likely. George was taken out of the cast of "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," with Spencer Tracy substituted, presumably for the purpose of George's being available for Ruth's next picture, "The Paris Racket."

Ruth is thirty-four, according to the marriage records; George is twenty-eight. She earns several thousand a week; he earns a few hundred. But love, they say, laughs at little differences like these.



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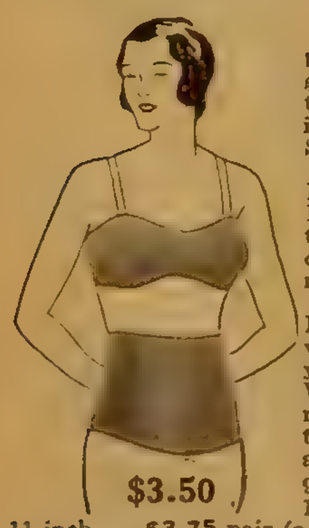
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Are Foreign Stars Hated in Their Own Countries?

(Continued from page 21)

among foreign fans that seldom wavers even with poor pictures. If they like a star, audiences in Europe will attend an American talking picture they cannot fully understand in preference to locally-made films. There are many theatres abroad that advertise only star names and never mention the vehicle.

The Orient's Surprise Favorite

DO you know, for example, who has the biggest drawing movie name in China and Japan? It isn't Anna May Wong or Sessue Hayakawa or any other Oriental player. The name in question belongs to a director: Cecil B. De Mille. That's all that is advertised. His old silent spectacles are still showing in Chinese and Japanese theatres. This, despite the fact that censorship in these countries prohibits all kissing scenes or scenes in which a man and woman, regardless of their marital state, appear in a room that contains a bed, let alone a bath-tub (De Mille's trade mark). The popularity of De Mille films, without such sequences, offers a paradox that baffles movie producers. The fact remains, nevertheless, that the director's name, and his name alone, assures packed houses in the Orient.

Hollywood producers haven't always known what they now know about foreign tastes. They learned only by bitter experience. When talking pictures first came along, the important question was what would become of the films' foreign market, then about forty per cent of the total gross. It was finally decided that the solution lay in importing foreign players to make Spanish, French and German versions of American pictures. A mad hegira to Hollywood immediately began. Broken English and dialects were heard on every street corner. Someone compared the studios to the Tower of Babel.

But foreign audiences turned thumbs down on their own countrymen. They made it known in no uncertain terms that they preferred Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson and Janet Gaynor, uttering unintelligible English words, to lesser-known and less glamourous native actors. Even enormously popular European stage stars came to grief. Their names meant little to movie patrons. Accustomed to American technique on the screen, foreign audiences greeted with laughter the over-acting of most of their countrymen who ventured to solve Hollywood's problem.

The Furore Dolores Caused

THERE were, of course, few such violent demonstrations as that which forced Dolores Del Rio's picture to close in Mexico City recently. But then Mexico has always been touchy in regard to its national pride, and "The Girl of the Rio" was deemed a caricature of its people and customs.

The film opened with a fanfare of publicity. Dolores made an address over the long-distance telephone that was heard by the opening-night audience through loud-speakers in the theatre. It was a big night for all concerned.

But the newspapers the following day unmercifully denounced the picture as libelous to Mexican honor. Particularly were the performances of Miss Del Rio and Leo Carrillo lambasted. Demands were made that the negative be publicly burned.

That day, audiences joined heartily in the denunciation. They shouted, hissed and booed throughout each showing. Finally, the Government stepped in with orders to withdraw the picture. Sarto, Mexico's foremost clown, immediately burlesqued the matter. In his stage act, he carried on a mock telephone conversation with Dolores Del Rio in Hollywood. Then he changed to an outlandish make-up to imitate Carrillo as the bandit. His work was received with acclaim that rocked the rafters and, as this is written, the burlesque is still a part of his act.

Miss Del Rio is reported very much grieved over the affair. She declined, however, to make a statement for publication other than to say that she could not understand her unpopularity in her native land. A check on box-office records does not show that she was ever a tremendous drawing card in Mexico.

Lupe's Film Also Banned

MORE recently, "The Broken Wing," starring Dolores' great rival, Lupe Velez, was similarly banned in Mexico—and Lupe, also born in Mexico, was censured for her part in it. Curiously enough, Leo Carrillo was again the villain of the piece. You can imagine, perhaps, how popular he must be in the country south of the Rio Grande. But their fellow countrymen are even more annoyed at Dolores and Lupe—for they were born in Mexico. (Carrillo, though of Spanish descent, is of old California stock.) The Mexican censors, it seemed, considered the film derogatory to Mexico—though the Central American country in the picture was supposed to be a mythical one! The studio claims that the Mexican Ambassador to this country okayed it.

The touchiness of Mexican and other governments about villainies enacted by nationalized characters in American films has previously caused studios considerable concern. One of the first cases on record was that of the villain played by Warner Oland in "Patricia," the old serial starring Irene Castle. Mexico filed official protest at Washington. Its bandits, it said, weren't that bad.

Among the more recent instances was the Helen Twelvetrees-Ricardo Cortez picture, "Her Man," which was severely criticized in Cuba. To prevent racial disturbances, Hollywood has taken to making most of its foreign villains Russian. American movies are not distributed in Russia.

Sojin, the Japanese actor, actually feared to return to his own country because of his screen villainies. No picture in which he appeared was ever shown in Japan or China after irate patrons wrecked a Tokio theatre in their disapproval of his "dirty work" on the screen. Sojin eventually went back to Japan, but only after he had appealed to the Emperor for protection. It is said he now lives quietly in retirement with armed guards around his house.

Hayakawa Received Threats

SESSUE HAYAKAWA was threatened by Oriental secret societies after his appearance opposite Fannie Ward in the silent version of "The Cheat." Even an innocuous Harold Lloyd comedy caused a riot in China because of some scenes depicting a fight Lloyd was supposed to have in San Francisco's Chinatown. Lloyd treated the China boys too roughly for Chinese tastes. National pride, they will have us understand, is not to be trifled with.

Nor will any evidence of the Hollywood brand of high-hat be tolerated by fellow

countrymen. Charlie Chaplin went back to England last year a national hero. He was nearly mobbed by the cheering populace. But Charlie showed his preference for hobnobbing with royalty and drove hard bargains for the rental of his comedy, "City Lights." When he left England, hardly a soul bid him farewell.

Maurice Chevalier, long the idol of France, has suffered from adverse publicity that accrued when he asked an enormous sum for a Paris stage appearance and refused to appear at a charity affair without compensation. The resentment this caused led to his being attacked in print and a subsequent falling off in box-office receipts. The change of attitude toward him in France was slight, but nevertheless marked. It has not affected his popularity except in the French capital.

George Arliss is not the first gentleman of the screen in England, as he is in America. The English regard his accent as almost American. In fact, Arliss has been cited by universities in this country for his pure American diction.

The Most Popular Stars Abroad

THERE are a number of other players, while not unpopular in their own countries, who are less popular, comparatively, than in America. This list includes the Swedish Nils Asther and Norwegian Greta Nissen, the Austrian von Stroheim and the Austrian Elissa Landi, who is generally believed to be an Englishwoman. The exceptions to this rule are led by the Mexican Ramon Novarro, who is a smash attraction in all Spanish-speaking countries; likewise the Spanish Antonio Moreno, who has been making Spanish versions; and Jean Hersholt of Denmark.

Ask someone familiar with the foreign market for the names of the most universally popular stars on the screen to-day. (We'll leave Mickey and Minnie Mouse out, this time.) The answer may not be what you expect. For the fellows who top all Hollywood in international popularity are Laurel and Hardy. Laurel is an Englishman; Hardy an American.

This team wows 'em in any language. There is a theatre on the main street of Vienna that runs nothing but Laurel and Hardy comedies, giving four shows a day! There hasn't been a change in program for months and the S. R. O. sign is always out. Charlie Chaplin is afraid he wouldn't have an international audience, if he made talkies, but Laurel and Hardy constantly gain in popularity.

The kings and emperors of at least three countries command private showings of all new Laurel and Hardy releases. They are as big a hit somewhere East of Suez as they are at your neighborhood theatre. South America literally cries for their films (which have Spanish versions). They are one Hollywood team whose profits are with honor in any country.

Did You Know That--

Groucho Marx has taken his red wig and gone to Russia—to exhibit his famous pantomime at the Moscow Art Theatre?

Frank Buck, the chap who brings 'em back alive, is about to set out on another jungle expedition with traps and cameras?

Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are to be lovers in "Red Dust"? (They're out to build up the Harlow girl fast!)

Eddie Cantor is writing a biography of the late Florenz Ziegfeld (see story page 31), who helped Eddie to become famous?

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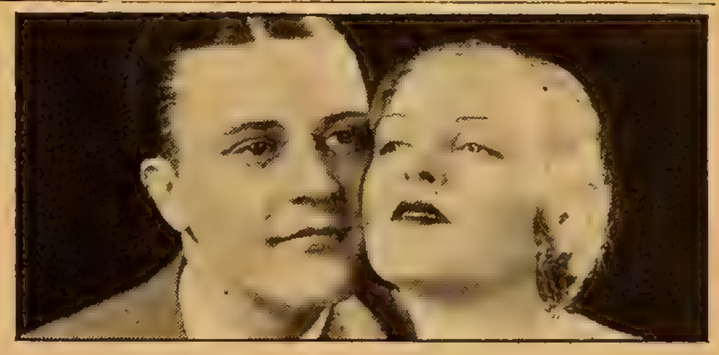
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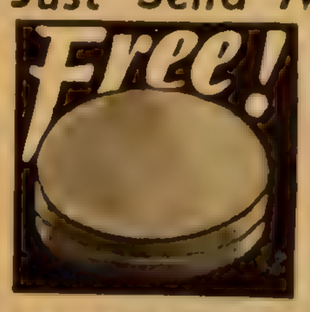
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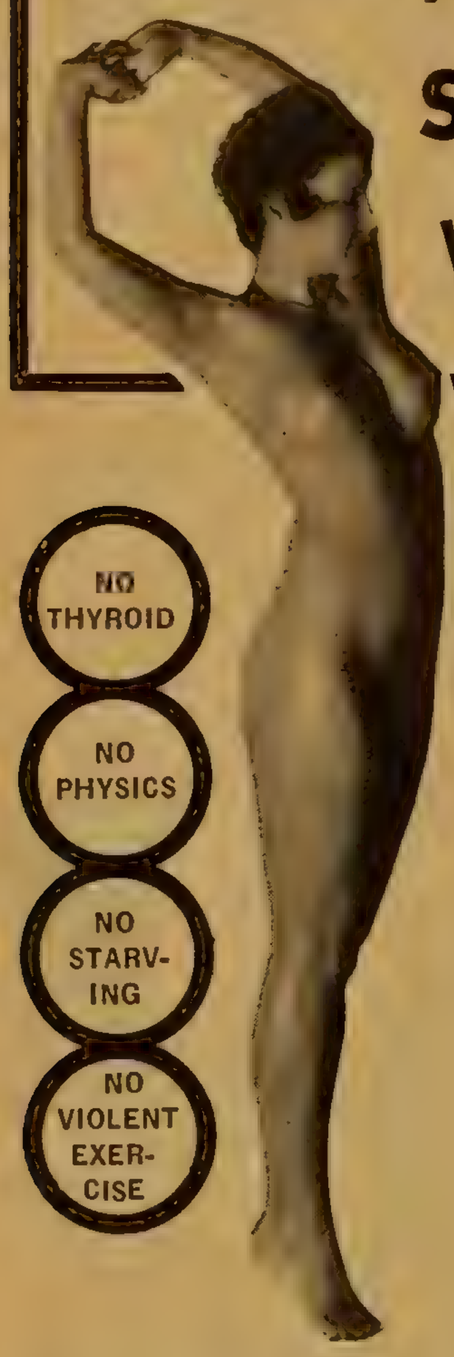
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Stars Put On a Show for the Olympics

(*Continued from page 25*)

"Tarzan" had been done and packed away in the film can long ago, or what—but anyway, the studio put on a good show. There were the usual calls of "Quiet! . . . Lights! . . . Ready, now . . . ACTION!" And not a smithereen of film in the camera or a bit of sound track anywhere around.

Even the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel, making "Rasputin," took a quota of visitors. And took them without an audible murmur.

It all cost the studio thousands of dollars, of course, and the stars thousands of feet of lost patience and temperamental energy, but strangely, very few objected. On the contrary, much to the amazement of other folks in Hollywood, it soon became evident that the picture folks were liking it.

Acted as They Do on Screen

WHAT happened was that they became inoculated with the "give-'em-a-good-show" bug. When the international significance of the Olympics hit their consciousness, they went international publicity-conscious. They preened, fluttered, swaggered and clowned everywhere they went during those three weeks, for fear that some rajah from far-away India or visiting publisher from Australia might see them. They wanted good tales, impressive tales, to be carried back home to Europe and South America and the Far East.

One of the gentlemen who seemed to be hit the hardest by this bug was Joe E. Brown. Joe is a sports fan, anyway, having been a circus acrobat and a major-league baseball player once upon a time, and the Olympics were just up his street. But you should have seen him in the grandstand day after day. He couldn't sit quietly like other folks. He found himself going through facial contortions and lots of his clown tricks to give folks, who had paid admissions to see broad jumps and hurdle races, their money's worth also of Joe E. Brown.

And, one afternoon, I watched Douglas Fairbanks make four trips from his prominently placed box in the center of the stands, up through the sections where the foreign athletes were sitting. Why four trips, I don't know; but every time he passed up the aisle, he was mobbed for autographs. Cameramen snapped him grinning alongside Arthur Jonath, the German runner, and other athletes. Doug and Harold Lloyd visited the boys at Olympic Village, the big, specially-built town for the athletes, and did the autograph business up brown. They signed everything from the woolen underwear of the Finns to the rowing sculls of the Frenchmen.

You may muffle a shout at this, but even the esthetic and aloof Josef Von Sternberg was not immune to the Olympic personal appearance virus. As you may know, it takes a regular cataclysm to stop Mr. Von Sternberg from working. Only a short time ago, some union had to make an awful fuss to get their boys home before the wee, small hours of the morning. The director wanted to keep his company going both day and night.

The Latins Pursued Marlene

BUT on the occasion of the Olympics, he called off shooting on "Blonde Venus," for a whole day just to entertain with Marlene Dietrich, sixty German athletes and former German Secretary of State Ewald. More than that, when the visitors, practically all of whom were amateur photographers, pulled their cameras from their pockets, he said, "Go right ahead." And posed and posed and posed. With a smile.

A few days previous, too, Marlene had had the somewhat unusual experience of being actually chased by admiring Argentines. She has had her share of adulation in the past, has fought her way through première crowds and has been propelled through mobs, almost at the risk of life—but this was something new.

Four of the Argentines, on tour of the studio, became missing. A search ensued which ended suddenly when Marlene came loping around the corner of Stage Two, her "bodyguard" behind her and four ardent Argentines in hot pursuit. They just liked her—she was a beautiful woman. They were captured by an agile young publicity man and led back to the rest of the party.

Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor took a heavier "rap." They took a ride on the shoulders of some burly German girls. It was after a luncheon at Fox Hills, during which all the girl athletes had been introduced to all the Fox stars. Charlie and Janet were standing quietly smiling at the girls, when four exuberant frauleins from the Rhineland swooped upon the team and hoisted them to shoulders.

Will Rogers was among those present that day. He took advantage of the occasion to wisecrack with each and every one—or at least, so it seemed. To Georgia Coleman, champion woman swimmer, he directed the question, "Who are you?"

Georgia beat him at his own game. "I'm wet," she answered.

To Mildred (Babe) Didrikson, girl track star, Will said: "You're America's greatest woman athlete, aren't you?"

"Yep," responded Babe, "and I'll challenge you to a match in any sport, even polo."

Rogers shook his head sadly. "No, Ma'am, you're too tough. I've heard about you."

Sally and Joan Kidded the Finns

IT was at Fox Hills, a few days previous, when Raoul Walsh was host to the Finnish athletes, that Sally Eilers and Joan Bennett took it upon themselves to teach the Finns how to make a hit with the American girls.

They informed the Finns, Paavo Nurmi among them, that three of the most complimentary phrases to use when meeting an American girl were: "Hot cha, cha, cha!" and "In your hat!" and "What's it to you?" Just how the Finns fared with this equipment, or whether they used it has not been recorded.

Many stars gave studio parties for visiting athletes—and they were *parties*, not speech-making affairs. Fifi Dorsay, for instance, gave one at Monogram for the Canadian delegation (more than one hundred strong)—Fifi having hailed from Montreal. It was just a coincidence, of course, that she was playing a Canadian girl in her current picture, "The Girl from Calgary." And Billie Dove played hostess to the Swiss athletes. How did this come about? Billie's parents were born in Switzerland. Jean Hersholt royally entertained the Danish athletes and seemed to be having the time of his life, talking Danish again.

Of course, it is yet a matter of doubt how the visiting athletes, the bigwigs from the foreign countries, the silk-hatted diplomats, the important personages of great European and Eastern nations, took the monkey-shines of the movie stars. They were "movie crazy" long before they went to Hollywood—and perhaps the pictures of their champion wrestlers taken alongside George Raft, for example, doubling up his fist, were to them just part of the great movie game. As was that of Sally and Joan kidding the Finns about American slang.

Movie Finds Among the Athletes

AND perhaps they have left behind some of their own sterling youth to make fortunes and fame in motion pictures, à la Johnny Weissmuller, champion swimmer of the 1928 Olympic Games at Amsterdam. For, at this writing, a number of the Olympic competitors are being discussed as potential movie bets.

For girls, a little lassie from Sweden is being seriously considered. I saw her when she first walked into Chapman Park hotel—Olympic girls' dormitory—and she's a honey. Her name is Ingeborg Sjoquist, but they could change that. She has a lovely figure, a beautiful walk. She is small, with natural blonde hair. She has starry eyes that seem to be gazing forever at misty, far-away points. And her voice is throaty. But—she can't speak good English. (Well, neither could Garbo.) She's the Swedish champion diver. However, the worst handicap of all is that she's in love with a Swedish swimmer.

Then there's Eleanor Holm, New York girl whom Ziegfield wanted in the "Follies." Although she has trained as a swimmer since she was six, she found the chorus routine too strenuous and she declined the "Follies" job. Paramount and M-G-M are both after her.

There's a little gypsy from Hungary, "Baby" von Dany, a woman fencer, who has most movie stars all whipped when it comes to sex appeal. And there are other athletic beauties who were implored to take movie tests.

For men? Well, it has been suggested that when the next picture of darkest Africa is made, Eddie Tolan and Ralph Metcalfe, the two American champion runners, both colored, could beat any animal in a race.

All kidding aside, "Boy" Charlton, a big blond from Australia who has good looks galore, has been tested. And Patrick O'Callaghan, strapping Irish hammer-throw champion, is the idol of a lot of movie-ites. But he is a doctor, and probably could not be persuaded to give up his practice. Bill Carr, a Pennsylvania track man, who is about the size of Ramon Novarro, is said to have chances. John Anderson of Cornell, better than six feet tall, a blond, is looked upon with favor. Albie Booth, the "mighty atom" of Yale football fame, went out to Los Angeles to play in the exhibition football game for the Olympics—and was promptly signed for a picture.

The Movie Stars Made a Hit

THE athletes were crazy, for the most part, about Hollywood.

The turbaned East Indians wanted to meet Greta Garbo, but, of course, they didn't. (She had gone back to Sweden—not remaining in Hollywood even to play honorary hostess to the Swedish athletes.) Yvonne Goddard of France, champion European swimmer, confessed to a yen for Charlie Chaplin.

The grooms of the Swedish cavalry officers only grunted non-committally when I mentioned Greta Garbo to them. But their superiors, the officers, had fits when this was printed in a local Los Angeles newspaper. "She is one of our countrywomen—of course, we love her," was in substance their denial of the grooms' attitude.

There were a few stars who didn't miss a single performance. From the opening ceremonies, through the track and field games, the swimming contests, the fights—and all the other activities—they played the rôles of enthusiastic spectators. Douglas Fairbanks was one of them, Harold Lloyd another. Indeed, Harold was so interested in the Games that we couldn't muff the chance to get his response. He became very serious:

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human achievements and accomplishments, that no director would dare inject into a story for fear of being called unrealistic," says Harold Lloyd.

"Tears welled into the eyes of eighty thousand persons, as little nineteen year old Juan Zabala, staggered across the finish line in the marathon and, caught in the arms of a friend, feebly waved the Argentine flag. Only a few minutes later, they actually cried when an unknown little Japanese boy, his face a mask of pain, fell within ten feet of the finish line. A dozen hands were ready to help him, but to have done so would have disqualified him. Blind from his struggle of 26 miles, veins pounding, almost deaf to the imploring shouts of the grandstand we saw the boy force himself to his feet for those last terrible ten feet, which required more human endurance than the previous twenty-six miles. There were eight men across the line ahead of him, but that meant nothing to the little Japanese. He had fulfilled every principle of the Olympics, he was a slant-eyed Greek hero." Harold warmed to his subject. Continuing, he said,

"What if the United States did carry off the lion's share of the honors? It was grand from the American point of view. But greater than victory was the sportsmanship displayed by the boys from almost every civilized nation on the globe. It was the spirit that pervaded the games. There never was a day that some hero was not developed —not a hero in the sense that he broke a world's record, that he beat the crack athletes of the world, but a hero because he did not know what the word *quit* meant!

"We can all be mighty proud that it was the United States which put on such a tremendous, blood-tingling exhibition as the Tenth Olympiad. And, I, for one, was glad to be there."

There weren't many stars who missed the fun. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were taking their long-delayed European trip; Maurice Chevalier was seeking a divorce from his wife and spending his vacation with her on the Riviera and George Arliss was at his home in England.

Mostly the athletes couldn't get enough of the cinema town, the stars did *their* stuff so well. And so, I suppose, no wonder the stars went the limit. But, o-oh, the money and time it cost! And, the over-time schedules that are probably now in force!

Studio Records Broken During the Olympics

	Previous Record	*New Record*
Number of visitors to one studio....	200 in one day	400 in one day
Number of autographs signed by one star.....	45 at one writing	126 at one session
Number of feet of blank film run off to give visitors a glimpse of how movies are made	1,500 during Elks' Convention in 1930	25,000 ft.
Number of publicity shots of stars with visiting celebrities.....	440 during Coolidge visit	100,000, more or less
Amount of overhead cost, in showing studios to visitors.....	$1,000	$100,000

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By Patricia Gordon

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